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Vol. CCI, No. 2629
JUNE 24, 1950

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Volume CCI No. 2679 The SPHERE, London, June 24, 1950

The SPHERE
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THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

**LAYING UP H.M.S. "KING GEORGE V"—THE 35,000-TON BATTLESHIP AND NAMESHIP OF HER CLASS, LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR EN ROUTE FOR THE GARELOCH, WHERE SHE WILL BECOME PART OF BRITAIN'S "MOTHBALL FLEET." She was towed by the Admiralty tugs *Enforcer*, *Saucy* and *Earner*. Her guns and essential equipment have all been subjected to the new "packaging" process as protection against weather and time**

The *King George V*, the first of Britain's four reserve battleships to be laid up, last week left Portsmouth for the Clyde under tow, three Admiralty tugs taking charge of her on the long journey. The ship is preserved by the new "packaging" process. Her 14-in. guns have been sealed and her radar gear and smaller guns covered with plastic envelopes "spun" on frames of netting and webbing. She will thus be able to remain in the Gareloch, proof against weather and temperature changes until she is again wanted for service at sea. The other three battleships in Britain's reserve fleet are the *Anson* and *Howe*, which are now at Devonport, and the *Duke of York*, which is at Portsmouth. They are all sister-ships of the *King George V*

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# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

**Attlee, Schuman and the Labour Party.**—The dilemma I put when I made my first reference to the British attitude to the Schuman Plan remains still a not unfair "simplification." Mr. Attlee is in a difficult position and has not wriggled out of it. He is right and he is wrong. His past utterances condemn him, and the unfortunately-timed and blundering document issued by the Labour Party put a fool's-cap on his head and (I should suppose) set a feather in Mr. Churchill's plumed cap. The Federation of Europe in 1939, and much later, was to come by way of a *socialised* United States of Europe, and the Labour Party, and Mr. Attlee in it, were all for it bald-headed—on those terms. To-day, Europe as a whole has turned against Socialism, and a *socialised* United Europe is not what they want. And because the bulk of the Western nations of Europe reject Socialism, the Labour Party of Britain reject that federation which they regarded so long as essential to Europe's survival. For that party it is Socialism first and Statesmanship second. And Mr. Attlee is left in a humiliating and ludicrous dilemma. His own words condemn him; the Labour Party, of which he is a key member, condemn him for temporising; the six European nations condemn him for perfidy (the old perfidy of Albion); and many of his countrymen are inclined to condemn him for reaction into isolationism. He is hoist by his own petards.

**The Wallace Collection.**—That glorious Art Collection at Hertford House has been enjoying its jubilee with the pomp and circumstance it deserves. Before February 1897 this most splendid of private collections was in the hands of Lady Wallace, *née* Castelnau, widow of Sir Richard Wallace. When she died, in that month and year, it was found that she had left these uncountable treasures to the nation. Some of the most curious figures of romance and scandal are mixed up with the origins of the Wallace Collection. Thackeray's Lord Steyne (Francis, third Lord Hertford) and his wife Mie-Mie (Maria Fagnani), for example. Who Sir Richard Wallace was is still not certain. Some said a son of the fourth Lord Hertford, only eighteen years his senior. More probably he was the issue of Maria (fourth Lord Hertford's mother) by her last infidelity. When his half-brother died, in 1870, Wallace, who had devoted his life to the Collection, found himself left heir to it and to Hertford House, to a great house in Paris and much property in Ireland and in the Funds beside. He went on collecting, and Lady Wallace ultimately (as I have said) left all to the nation. But the romance does not end there. These treasures might well have gone to another favourite, Wallace's secretary, John Murray Scott. Scott magnanimously refused this stupendous legacy, and was rewarded with £1,500,000 of money and estates in England, France and Ireland, including all the Hertford-Wallace treasures still in Paris. And now come in the romance and scandals so admirably described by Victoria Sackville-West in her *Pepita*. Lady Sackville, daughter of that charming, erratic, enigmatic Spanish dancer, was a friend and companion of Scott in his old age, and to her he left a great deal and the Paris section of the Collection worth nearly a million. The "Million-pound Case," in which Lady Sackville in the box often annihilated F. E. Smith by her ready wit, was a thrill and scandal of 1912–13. Lady Sackville got away with it. She was no stranger to headline lawsuits, and was very much at home in the witness-box.

**Ascot.**—It is not my cup of tea. I had my experience of it twice, first on the fashionable side in Edwardian times, when dust was the enemy, and once on the unfashionable side, when I really enjoyed the racing against the rails. But that was enough. It was, and is, the best racing in the world, but I am not a racing man, and I was never a lover of crowds, queues and fashion parades. I have been never more desolatingly tired and bored than at race-meetings. I have seen the calculation set forth in print that a young couple can with economy just "do" the Ascot Week of four days on £200. Many of them do, and perhaps think the money well spent. How many of the women are more interested in the horses than in their own and their rivals' hats?—10 per cent.? How many of them, when the meeting is over, ruefully admit that they could have gone to a better market for spending their £200? I fear there are dreadful disappointments in all fashion parades. But there it is. One must follow fashion as sheep follow sheep, and it doesn't do to admit one wasn't there. So there they are, if they can defer their matrimonial disagreements until July—and even that relic of Edwardianism is not too strictly enforced. But it *is* a gamble with luck. The weather may spoil the £50 frock, a cruel wind may play hell with the cartwheel hat, the "nap" may go down the course and add to the final reckoning and, by sheer bad luck, the eminent personage may be looking the other way when the longed-for and angled-for moment comes. You can even to-day buy a lot of more permanent satisfaction and memories with £200 or so.

**"Not Cricket"?**—After years of increasing boredom in Test cricket, due to over-prepared wickets and long-drawn-out draws, we were allowed to enjoy a Test match and see what used to be called good cricket, with the chances of success and failure equally divided. And at once there is a storm in a tea-cup! I suppose it is the principle of "win, tie or wrangle" which induced John Goddard to condemn the "crumbling" wicket at Old Trafford as "the worst he ever played on" and as "shameful." If the growls were confined to the losing side we should shrug our shoulders and let it pass. When the winners also join in, we ought to despair of first-class cricket and quote: "All men kill the thing they love." What will Lord's do about it? They are concerned with keeping cricket alive. Will they bow to the storm and water the wicket and heavy-roll it into a starched shirt-front on the eve of the second Test. We shall see. We know that not all our own leading players (and very few of the still living masters of yesterday) put batting averages before the game of cricket. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that "too many men kill the thing *I* love." I thought so last Sunday evening when I was induced to drive my family and friends to a "little, lost beach" on the South Coast which democracy had failed to discover, and where for ten summers we have bathed in Crusoe-like privacy. We arrived to find *Brighton beach in August*. The grassy approach was one vast, glittering car park, as is Epsom Downs on Derby Day. The wide beach was black (or pink) with humanity. I think my beach was the last surviving ditch on the South Coast to be swarmed over by Democracy. But only a crusty last-ditcher would petulantly comment that it is a pity that England is so small and its Democracy so very large.

**Popular Beliefs and Fallacies.**—Mr. Ackermann is Mr. Happyman. He has given enormous pleasure to himself and (incredible) to the book reviewers in bulk and to some of his readers in his monumental *Popular Fallacies*. He is a veritable hydrogen bomb. He is one long explosion of beliefs held as gospel in every nursery and "local" since time and pap and beer ran. He has no mercy for simple faith and rustic simplicity. "Rain before seven" is a moonshine hope of a fine eleven. You must *starve* a cold and *stuff* a fever, and it is safe to make an ugly face when the moon changes; and a red sky at night sends the shepherd home for his umbrella. Now, among Mr. Ackermann's readers, I am on the side of the Nannies and the Old Gaffers. I believe that the stored wisdom by observation and experience of a hundred generations of men and women who have studied health and weather, because their livelihood has depended on such study, is worthy of my attention. After hearing the modern scientific weather wizards giving out their weather prophecies during the present summer so far, I am on the side of the cows and the back-door seaweed, official wizards to which I don't have to pay salaries. As for prophecies of ill-luck or doom, my experience over the past forty years suggests that such evil chances may come from a cracked European statesman or a cracked mirror—fifty-fifty. And when the Ministers of Health and Food have deafened my ears with advice on how to be well and how to have faith in the vitamin content of turnips, I find myself turning back with relief (in mind and body) to my old Nanny's specifics and diet preferences. Our ancient lore and store of wisdom began to be harvested in the Dark Ages. We were simple souls then and hard-beset with lurking dangers and enemies. Now we are as clever as be-damned and as enlightened as we can hope to be. But somehow, we don't seem much happier or wiser or safer or further away from those Dark Ages. In these circumstances, I am not disposed to follow Mr. Ackermann and abandon my belief in the wisdom of our ancestors.

**Petrol Tax.**—I did not allow myself to get into a fever of indignation over the "petrol-tax iniquity." I argued that a man *must* pay direct taxes, is not forced to pay indirect or all indirect taxes. Also that, though this tax must raise the cost of living (which anyway goes on rising), still, when it comes to *amusing* oneself by gambling or "going places," the general public still manages to find the necessary money, better put into savings. The petrol tax has not emptied the beaches or the racecourses or tracks. On the contrary, the road and car park records are all being smashed. The queues are growing longer and broader. It is a pity the petrol tax money can't be ploughed back into the ploughed fields called roads. I think the first "headaches" to be felt from this petrol tax will be a continued halt in savings, and more deaths, destruction and congestion on the roads than we can tolerate, even with our remarkably easy national conscience and patience on these matters. Of course, the incidence of the tax falls inequitably on some people, among them doctors and voluntary workers in country districts. Their work does not decrease. On the contrary, it for ever grows, and is becoming a heavy item in overhead expenses.

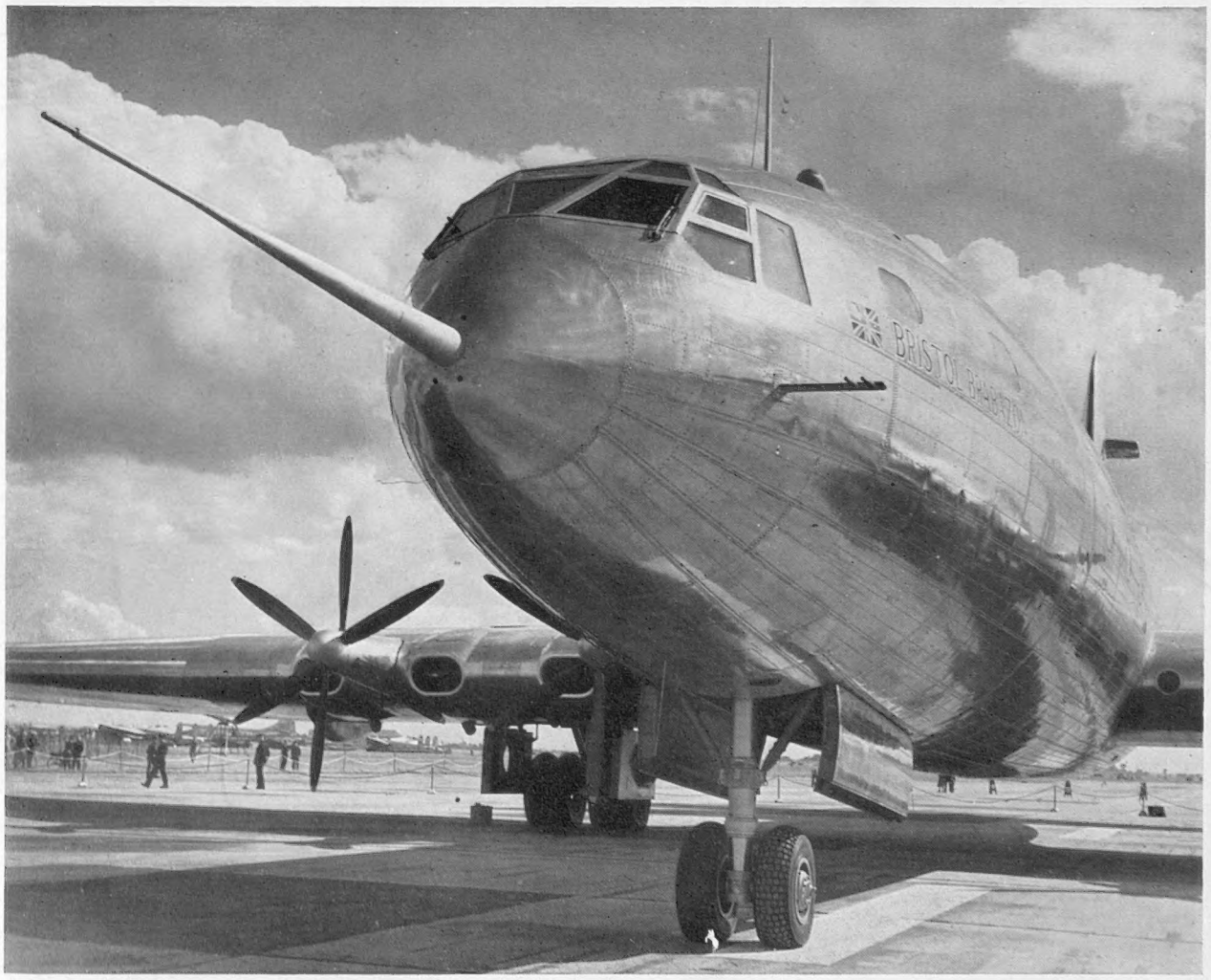
THE OLD STAGER

**KING LEOPOLD III IN ROME**—THE KING OF THE BELGIANS AND HIS WIFE, THE PRINCESS DE RETHY, OUTSIDE THE PAPAL APARTMENTS AFTER BEING RECEIVED BY THE POPE: The King and the Princess were engaged on a private Holy Year visit. As a result of the recent elections in Belgium it would seem, at the time of writing, that the King will return to Brussels at the beginning of July. Many people are asking what will be the position of the Princess de Rethy, in view of the fact that Belgium has no Court etiquette for consorts. A campaign of extraordinary virulence is being waged against the Princess in certain Socialist and Liberal papers, which do not hesitate to refer to the fact that her grandfather is alleged to have been an Ostend shrimp-seller. The last such crisis in Belgium was nearly half a century ago when Leopold II married in secret a sixteen-year-old flower-girl, and installed her in a villa adjoining the palace

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CIVIL AIR-LINER TOUCHES DOWN AT LONDON AIRPORT : The Brabazon I, with test pilot A. J. Pegg at the controls, seen over the runway on completing a flight from her home airport at Filton, near Bristol. The Brabazon made a perfect landing, using less than one-third of the 3,000-yard No. 1 Runway. The journey from Filton took 34 minutes, and it was the air-liner's forty-fourth flight. Altogether she has completed 144 flying hours. While at London Airport, where many Londoners went out to see her, the Brabazon was provided with a police guard by the Ministry of Civil Aviation. Her fuselage is largely filled with flight-research equipment

# BRABAZON I COMES TO TOWN

## The Giant Air Liner on View at London Airport




THE BOWS OF THE 130-TON AIR-LINER : The Brabazon I seen at London Airport after touching down. While in London the Brabazon took off on two exhibition flights, which also served the purpose of allowing the pilot to test the plane's suitability to the airport, which will be used by the Brabazon fleet when it operates on the New York route. Large crowds watched the exhibition flights, packing a public enclosure to see how the air-liner took off and landed. The Prime Minister's flight in the Brabazon was cancelled as the interim certificate of airworthiness does not allow for passengers

THE MASSIVE FIN AND RUDDER OF THE "BRAB" : Airport workers dwarfed by the stern of the giant air liner

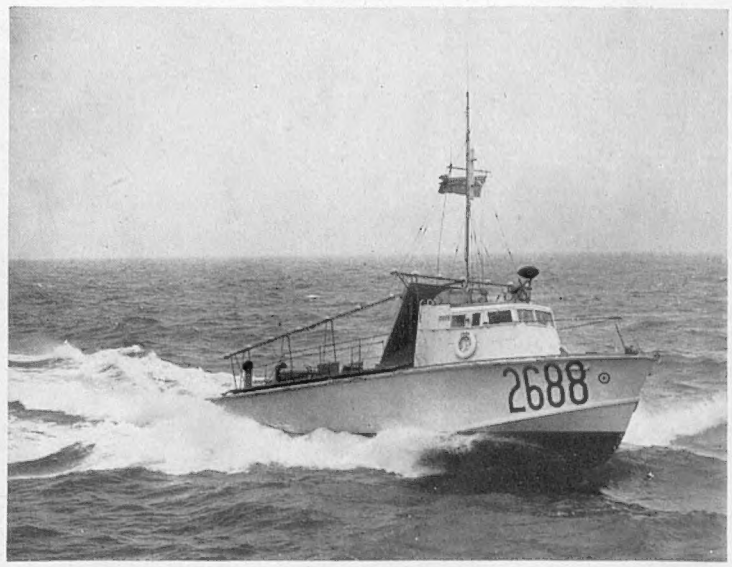
BILL PEGG AND HIS CREW : The Chief Test Pilot of the Bristol Company (left foreground) and the men who help him to fly the aircraft. The Brabazon first took the air in September, 1949

The appearance of the Bristol Brabazon, the world's largest air-liner, at London Airport, marks yet another stage in the progress of this great pioneer aircraft, the forerunner it is hoped of a fleet of Brabazons which, using prop-jet engines, will fly non-stop above the weather from London to New York, covering the 3,500 miles at an average speed of about 350 m.p.h. The present prototype Brabazon has piston engines, and cannot fly at more than 250 m.p.h., but results shown in 144 hours flying time have proved the design a worthy one, and she seems to be capable of landing and taking-off on all normal runways. There has been some delay in the development of the prop-jet engines, so it is to be feared that the Brabazon programme will continue to lag behind schedule. The Mark II should be ready at the end of next year.

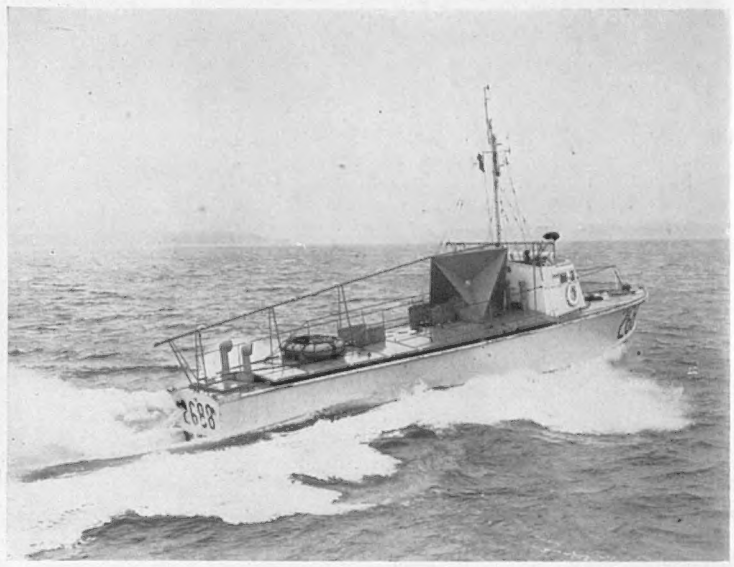
# BRITAIN'S FIVE-MAN MIDGET SUBMARINE

## AND A TARGET-SHIP DIRECTED BY MUSICAL NOTES

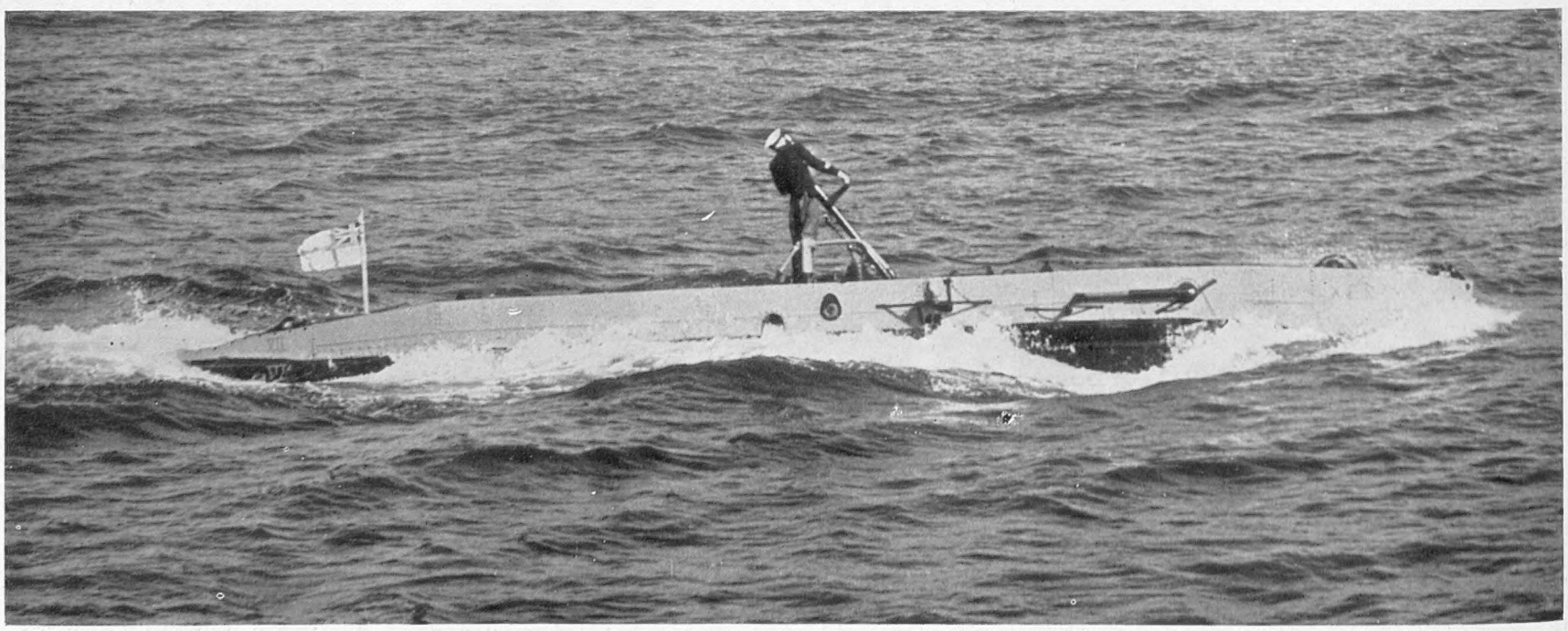
**ONE OF BRITAIN'S MIDGET SUBMARINES ENGAGED ON EXERCISES OFF THE SOUTH COAST: The *X E*, a development of the midgets which attacked the German battleship *Tirpitz* in 1943, is joining the United States Navy this summer for exercises and demonstrations. In this picture the skipper is seen at the helm, and one of his officers is in the bows, when about to make fast to a parent ship.** The first reference to Britain's use of midget submarines was contained in an Admiralty announcement in the autumn of 1943, when it became known that the midgets, operating 1,000 miles from a British base, delivered an attack on the main units of the German Navy in their protected anchorages in Alten Fjord, North Norway, in latitude 70 deg. North, lying some 50 miles inland from the open sea, and approached by three narrow fjords nowhere more than two miles wide. This was indeed a major triumph, for subsequent aerial reconnaissance pictures showed the *Tirpitz* surrounded by repair craft and heavy tracts of oil upon the water of Alten Fjord. Since those days, the Royal Navy has steadily developed the midget, and there is no doubt that by the end of hostilities the British technique with midgets was far ahead of that of the Japanese, who used such craft both at Pearl Harbour and in an attack on Sydney




**THIS VESSEL AUTOMATICALLY OBEYS ORDERS SENT TO IT IN THE FORM OF MUSICAL NOTES: The 68-ft. converted launch, No. 2688, which has been made by Vosper, Ltd., Portsmouth, into a high-speed, radio-controlled sea-going target for use by the Royal Air Force, the first of its kind.** The most important difference between this boat and the usual radio-controlled vessel is that it is operated by musical notes of varying pitches, which are sent to it over a carrier wave from the controlling ship. The system is the invention of Mr. F. Parfitt, an engineer of Hythe, Southampton




**THE 2688 CAVORTS OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT WITH NO CREW ABOARD: The R.A.F.'s musically-controlled sea-going target seen during trials near the Nab Tower.** As the different notes reach the launch they are sorted automatically, each piece of operating mechanism having its own note which it picks up and obeys. Thus one note starts or stops the engines, another controls the steering gear, and so on. The notes are sent along the carrier wave by pressing buttons. There is a different button for each purpose. The advantage claimed for this system over other methods of wireless control is that it cannot be jammed. The launch can be operated over a distance of eight miles. It has a speed of over 20 knots, and can run for nineteen hours at a stretch



**A MIDGET (FIVE-MAN) SUBMARINE TRAVELLING AT SPEED IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: Standing amidships is the skipper, who is operating the controls and would appear to be engaged in making a turn. The visit of the *X E* to the United States Navy will follow the normal policy of co-operation and exchange of technical information between the Royal Navy and the United States Navy. All except the barest details of the *X E* are being kept a closely-guarded secret**

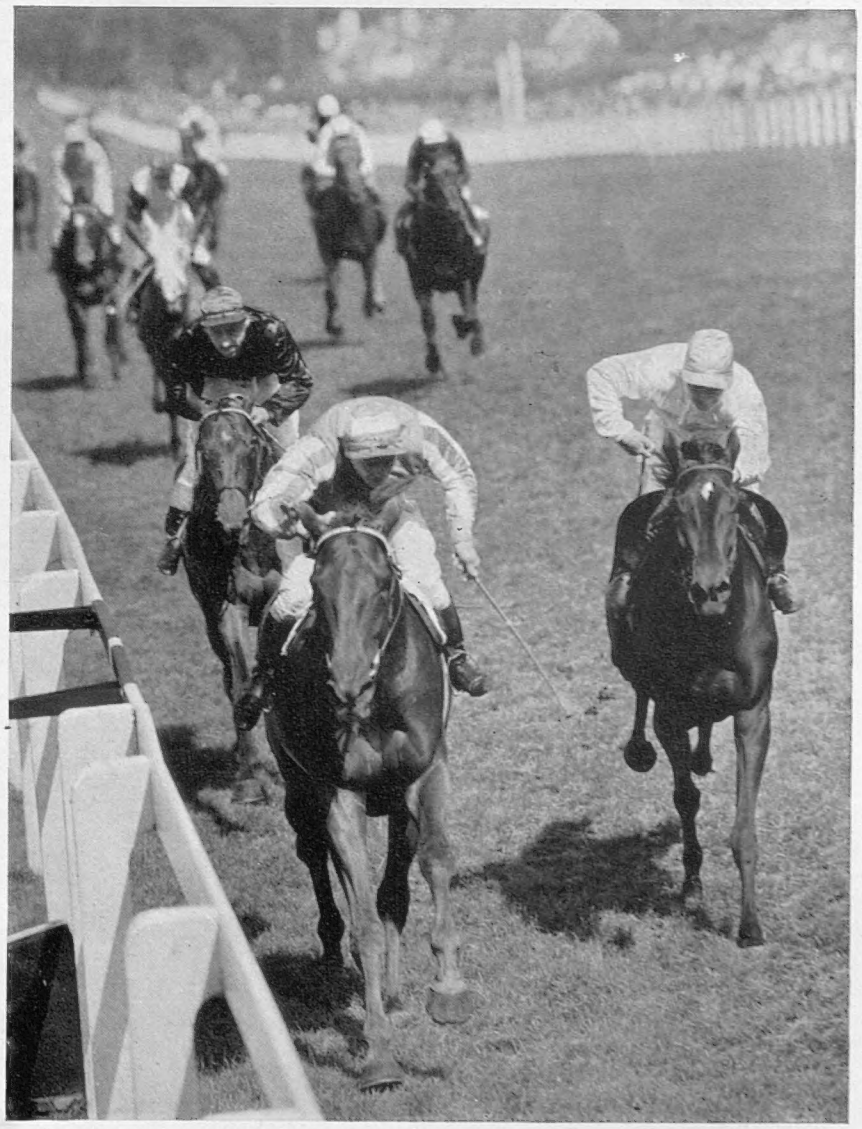
# FIGHTING FINISHES AT ASCOT

## BATTLING OUT THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, THE ASCOT STAKES, THE GOLD VASE, AND THE GOLD CUP

**RAE JOHNSTONE SCORES IN TYPICAL STYLE IN THE ASCOT STAKES :** The Australian jockey, who this year has ridden the winners of the Epsom Derby and the French Derby, the 1,000 Guineas, and the Oaks, passing the post on Honourable II. Mr. Blagrave's horse beat Strathspey by two lengths and Royaliste IV was another length and a half away in third place

**GORDON RICHARDS RIDES A VIGOROUS FINISH ON WAT TYLER, BUT FAILS BY A HEAD TO WIN THE ROYAL HUNT CUP :** The champion jockey on Sir Percy Loraine's Wat Tyler being beaten by Mr. J. V. Rank's Hyperbole (Breasley up), which held on to win this celebrated handicap by a head. On the other side of the course is the Duke of Norfolk's Burpham

**THE FIRST AND ONLY FRENCH VICTORY AT ASCOT : F. Palmer winning the Ascot Gold Vase on Baron G. de Waldner's Fastlad, which returned a tote price of 34 to 1. A neck behind was Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Rainfall, with Edgar Britt in the saddle. At this Ascot the powerful French challenge was thwarted**



**THE TRIUMPH OF SUPERTELLO : Douglas Smith, one of our finest big-race riders, winning the Ascot Gold Cup on Supertello. Mr. Harvey's horse, which has both the Blenheim and Hyperion strains, just managed to hold off the very game French filly Bagheera in one of the most exciting races of the whole meeting**

The Ascot of 1950 will long be remembered for unexpected results and fine finishes, not to mention the holding at bay of a formidable French challenge which did not come only from the hitherto all-conquering Boussac stable. Supertello's victory in the Ascot Gold Cup was indeed the highlight of the whole meeting, and although allowed to start at 10 to 1, because so many backers thought the horse was not class enough for this international race, Supertello was cheered to the echo by a vast crowd. The one victory that would have been more popular would have been the success of Mr. Churchill's Colonist II, but that game stayer could only reach fourth place. On the third day there was a real shock for backers when the redoubtable Prince Simon, second in the Two Thousand Guineas and second in the Derby, was beaten in a slowly-run race by the Maharaja of Baroda's Babu's Pet. Racegoers have come to the conclusion that this son of Princequillo is a one-speed colt, and that any accleration in the final stages of a race is matter for Prince Simon's quiet deliberation before appropriate action is taken. Rae Johnstone's victory in the Ascot Stakes enriched only a limited number of backers. Johnstone rode with his usual brilliance, coming through on the rails with a well-judged run. The veteran Australian, who rides largely for French owners and spends much of his time in France, has never been in better form than this year. His fellow-Australian, Breasley, a newcomer to English racing, was also in the limelight, winning on Hyperbole. Ascot gamblers, already heavily involved, had their final shock when Abernant, rated the most stylish sprinter in the country, failed to concede the weight to Tangle in the King's Stand Stakes. Odds of 11 to 4 were laid on Abernant, a virtual certainty before the off.

THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE FOR THE SECOND DAY OF THE ROYAL MEETING: Their Majesties entering the paddock, where they saw the King's filly Above Board saddled for the Ribblesdale Stakes. Princess Elizabeth, the Princess Royal and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are behind the King and Queen, and Princess Margaret is with the Duchess of Kent

# THE ASCOT FASHION PARADE

## THE ROYAL MEETING IN SUNSHINE AND IN RAIN

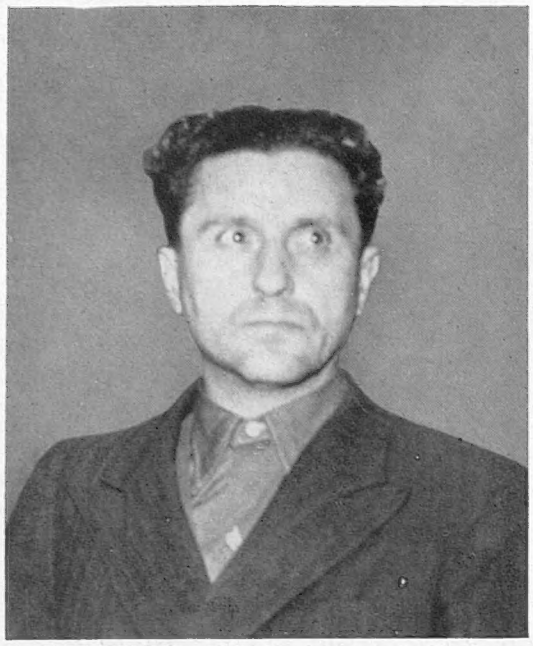
A ROYAL GROUP ROUND THE ASCOT GOLD VASE: The King and Queen watching the racing from the Royal Box. On the front of the Box stood the most important trophy of the first day, which went to the French invader Fastlad, owned by Baron G. de Waldner. The French, with a strong challenge, almost won the Ascot Gold Cup also, but this trophy went to Mr. W. Harvey, owner of Supertello. There were no other French successes during the meeting

PRINCESS MARGARET AND MISS SHARMAN DOUGLAS IN THE ROYAL BOX: Miss Douglas, who drove in the Royal procession, returned from a visit to the United States just in time for the Ascot meeting

FORES OF GREY TOPPERS AND PICTURE HATS ON THE MOMENTARILY SUNLIT LAWNS OF ROYAL ASCOT : As this picture was taken Rae Johnstone, the most successful jockey of the season, was steering Mr. Blagrave's Honorable II. past the post to win the rich Ascot Stakes. Strathspey was second and Royaliste IV. third. Backers had a series of shocks during the meeting, with few favourites turning up, while women racegoers were troubled by the constant uncertainty of the weather. It was not wholly a black Ascot, however, and the thwarting of French ambitions, in all but the Gold Vase, was a very satisfactory feature from a racing point of view

E BLEAKER SIDE OF ASCOT : Racegoers gathered outside the main totalisator board before the start of racing on the second day of the Royal meeting. Later in the afternoon mackintoshes were put aside, but the sunny spells were inclined to be spasmodic

THIS YEAR THE PUBLIC HAD TO PAY FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF BETTING : The bookmakers operated within pens, and there also were situated the bars and refreshment rooms for the general public. The new system was popular, as it gave racegoers protection. Only bookmakers of repute could set up stands



1. EMILE BUISSON AT BAY : France's Public Enemy No. 1, who is at last in the hands of the police

5. SCOURGE OF THE GAMBLERS : Senator Estes Kefauver, who recently initiated the U.S. Senate investigation into gambling

6. JOHN PEET'S AVOWAL : The journalist who has gone to the "far left" at an East Berlin meeting

# PEOPLE

## PERSONALITIES IN THE WORLD HEADLINES

2. SIDNEY STANLEY IN PARIS : The Lynskey Tribunal witness now embarks on a big business deal

3. THE PLIGHT OF PRIVATE DORSEY : Both sides want his blood, although he has helped them both

4. P.C. AT THE ORGAN : Police Constable W. Beeston, when not on his beat, plays at church services

**1. "FATALITAS" IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE :** This is the popular nickname of Emile Buisson, France's Public Enemy No. 1, who escaped from a mental institution in 1948, and has since been conducting gang warfare on highly organised lines.

**2. THE UBIQUITOUS SIDNEY STANLEY POPS UP AGAIN, THIS TIME IN PARIS :** Mr. Stanley, who is taking a keen interest in the finances of the celebrated store, Bon Marché, told a reporter last week that he is planning to swamp France with English frocks and shoes. He also declared: "They are attempting to deluge me with money. I have been offered without exaggeration 20,000,000 dollars. Of course, they all want to climb on to Stanley's bandwaggon," he declared, "but Stanley won't let them. Stanley has all the money he needs, thank you very much."



THE ADMIRAL RECEIVES THE PRESS : Admiral Sir Patrick Brind, C.-in-C. of the British Far Eastern station, seen aboard his flagship, the despatch vessel *Alert*, during a recent visit to Tokyo. During the last stages of the war, Sir Patrick held command in the Pacific Fleet

**3. DORSEY SURRENDERS :** Ronald Dorsey, of Palmer, Mass., finds himself in an unenviable situation. The U.S. Army has said it wants to court-martial Private Dorsey as a deserter. The Communist Hukbalahap guerillas in the Philippines would like to kill "Colonel" Dorsey, as an informer. A high-ranking Philippine army officer said he would recommend leniency for Dorsey, whom he said had supplied invaluable information on the guerilla organisation. Dorsey is seen in this picture following surrender to Philippine army forces.

**4. THE POLICEMAN ORGANIST :** Police Constable W. Beeston, of Farnborough, Hants, who writes after his name the letters M.R.C.O., is an accomplished organist. His playing is frequently heard in churches in the Farnborough area.

**5. THE FERVOUR OF KEFAUVER :** The man who initiated the big-scale U.S. Senate investigation into crime and gambling, which might deal a death-blow to organised gambling interests, is Senator Estes Kefauver, forty-seven-year-old Democratic Senator for Tennessee, who is seen in this picture in his office in Washington, D.C. Born near Madisonville, Tenn., he graduated from Yale University with a law degree in 1927. Kefauver served five two-year terms in the House of Representatives, and was elected to the Senate in 1948, for a six-year term. He is a member of the Armed Services Committee, the Committee of Judiciary, and the District of Columbia Committee.

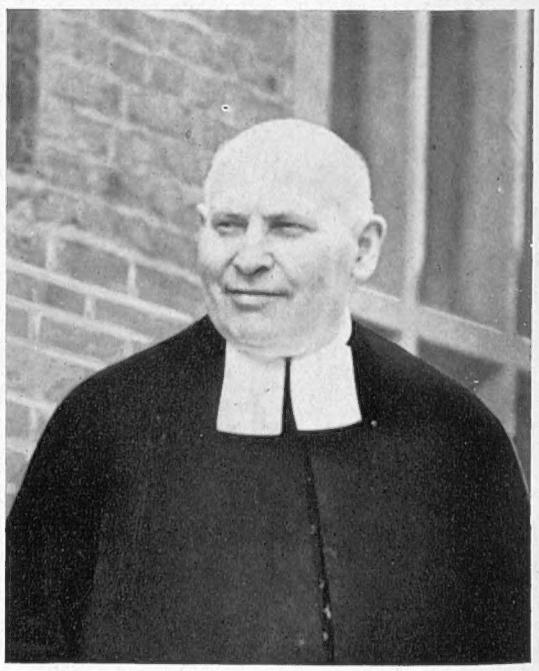
**6. NO LONGER "SERVING THE WARMONGERS" :** Mr. John Peet, Reuter's chief correspondent in Berlin, recently announced at a Press conference in the Soviet sector that he is "no longer disposed to serve the warmongers," and is asking the Government of the German Democratic Republic for permission to live in East Germany. The conference was held in the East German Office of Information. Mr. Peet read a long statement in German explaining his action. He said that as a Western journalist and chief correspondent in Berlin for Reuter's he had automatically and without wishing to do so gradually become the "tool of the American-directed war machine." This was to-day the sad and degrading fate of most Western journalists who worked for a Press which had become the mouthpiece of the warmongers. As an English patriot, democrat and friend of peace he could no longer carry on. The familiar Communist allegations against the Western Powers found a prominent place in his statement. He alleged that re-militarisation in West Germany, though not officially announced, was in full blast, and that the Western Powers had given West German firms permission to manufacture rifles and poison gas again. From time to time, England still thought to conduct an independent policy, not because the present British Government was a peace Government, but generally to defend its own capitalist interests.

**7 and 8. OLD FAVOURITES OF STAGE AND SCREEN :** In the news last week were Gloria Swanson, who graced Kansas City's Centennial Exposition, and Ernest Thesiger, who returned to Britain on board the *Mauretania* after appearing with Katharine Hepburn in the Broadway production of *As You Like It*. Mr. Thesiger is now in his seventy-second year. He first appeared on the stage with Sir George Alexander in 1909.

**9. ROMAN CATHOLICS FORGATHER IN MANCHESTER :** The Most Honourable Brother Athanase Emile, Superior General of the De La Salle Order, was a prominent figure at last week's gathering in the North Country, when the Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. Downey, the Archbisop of Cardiff, and the Bishop of Salford were among those visiting the De La Salle College.

7. RETURN OF ERNEST THESIGER : The English actor who has been appearing in *As You Like It* on Broadway

8. GLORIA SWANSON AT KANSAS CITY, MO. : She helped to open the city's Centennial Industrial Exposition



9. ATHANASE EMILE : The Superior General of the De La Salle Order at a recent Manchester inauguration

# GUILDFORD'S NEW CATHEDRAL

## CAIRO CATHEDRAL'S MEMORIAL TO THE 8TH ARMY

THE CATHEDRAL ON STAG HILL: Scaffolding in place at the point where the nave will be added to the already completed transepts of Guildford Cathedral. The foundation-stone of the Cathedral was laid in 1936 and one-third had been completed when construction work was halted by the war. Now work is going ahead on the Cathedral on an increasing scale

THE NEW CATHEDRAL'S DOMINATING SITE: Looking from the roof of Guildford Cathedral along Stag Hill's main approach avenue, a stately vista which will grow in dignity with the years as the trees flanking the roadway come to maturity. The cathedral site was the gift to the Diocese of the late Lord Bennett of Calgary and Mickleham, distinguished Conservative statesman of the years between the wars and at one time Prime Minister of the Dominion. In the foreground of this picture are the foundations for the nave

In 1927 was launched the tremendous project of building a cathedral for the diocese of Guildford. In 1936 building operations actually began, and a roadway was driven up Stag Hill for the vehicles bringing materials to the cathedral site. Work went ahead steadily until 1939, when the war intervened, and thereafter even maintenance operations were not upon an adequate scale. All further building was temporarily out of the question. Now the work goes ahead again, and it is possible to appreciate the fine proportions of this twentieth-century shrine standing upon a spur of the Hog's Back, on land gifted by the late Lord Bennett.

The east end of the Cathedral, which was illustrated in THE SPHERE of August 27, 1949, contains a memorial to the great sculptor, Eric Gill. It is a small rose window surmounted by a relief of the crucifixion. In 1949 a congregation of over 1,500, including 70 clergy, attended a service at the Cathedral to mark the unveiling of a memorial stone commemorating Lord Bennett's gift.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY SEES THE DESIGN FOR THE MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE EIGHTH ARMY WHICH IS TO BE PLACED IN CAIRO CATHEDRAL: The Field-Marshal, beret in hand, stands before the memorial with Mr. Carl Edwards, the designer, at the Whitefriars Studios, Wealdstone. Nearly all the 12,000 pieces of glass for the window have now been cut, and the upper part of the window is complete. Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery was accompanied on his visit by Generals Sir Oliver Leese, who commanded the Eighth Army in 1944, Sir James Steele and Sir Richard McCreery

MR. CARL EDWARDS, DESIGNER OF THE EIGHTH ARMY MEMORIAL WINDOW: The window for Cairo Cathedral will illustrate the figure of the Virgin Mary and of Christ as a boy holding in his hand a ship as a symbol of the church. In the lower part of the window will be depicted the sign of the Eighth Army. The cost of the window has been subscribed by members of the Eighth Army, and the window will be finished in time to be put on view at the annual El Alamein reunion to be held in London in October

**WATCHED WITH ASTONISHMENT BY FISHERMEN WHO REALLY WANT TO CATCH FISH :** Members of the Association of Sporting Line Fishermen of Paris taking up their positions for a day's sport on a quay beside the Seine where, with due seriousness, they cast their lines at little round targets laid out in front of them

# THE DRY-LAND FISHERMEN OF PARIS

## A "Tartarin of Tarascon" Occupation on the Paris Quais

Tired of the frustration of fishing without any tangible results, and scornful of the contemplative vegetation of the worm-fishers, the more sporting fishermen of Paris have formed themselves into an association for bringing their art to perfection while operating on dry land.

Known impressively as the "Association des Pêcheurs Sportifs Lanceurs Parisiens," they count among their members, ranging in age from fifteen to seventy-four, many famous Parisians, as well as factory workers, shop-keepers and businessmen; for the mysterious ritual of fly-fishing, most precise of arts, is a great leveller.

Meeting every Sunday, their field of operations is one of the wide quays beside the upper reaches of the Seine. There, watched with amazement by those fishermen whose curious desire is to catch fish, they dispose themselves in a line across the quay and solemnly cast their lines at little round targets which are laid out on the ground in front of them.

In charge of these operations is M. Perrot, president of the Association, who has been teaching embryo anglers to throw their lines correctly for a quarter of a century. His bearded figure stalks sternly up and down the line of targets, recording results, rebuking the careless wrist-work of a veteran or, more often than not, encouraging the efforts of a beginner.

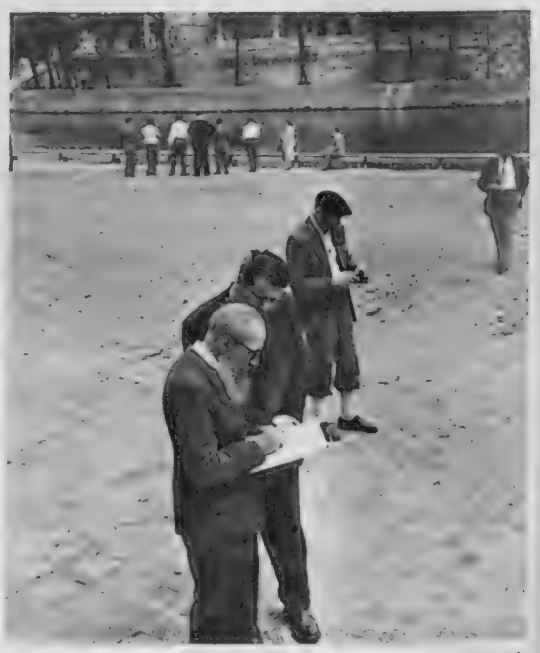
A feature of each meeting is the swear-box. Every time an excited devotee, transgressing some esoteric rule and so missing his target, lets fall an involuntary oath, he has to put ten francs in the swear-box. Parisians being notoriously excitable people, the kitty is generally overflowing by the end of the day, when the members pack up their rods and lines and go off to their favourite café and drown their nervous exhaustion in good red wine, the Beaujolais of their choice.

The English are always accused of taking their sport seriously; but these Parisian anglers take the art, or science, of fly-fishing so seriously that they've quite forgotten about the fish. It may well be that some of the inspiration for the dry-land fishermen may have come from Alphonse Daudet's immortal *Tartarin* and his celebrated "Cap-shooters."

**TARTARIN OF TARASCON COULD HARDLY HAVE DONE BETTER :** Members of the Association of Sporting Line Fishermen of Paris casting their lines on their dry-land targets. Not even the ingenious hero of Daudet's stories could have found a more harmless outlet for his energies than this. On the quay near the dry-land fishermen the real anglers are seen engaged in their monotonous pastime

**THE SEINE WAS NOT HIS OBJECTIVE :** *Left*—Though this angler's line is seen flying straight out across the Seine, it will not touch the surface of the water. *Right*—His back turned scornfully on the unrewarding river, the dry-land angler, in search of precision in his casting, finally shoots his line over the cobbled quay on to one of the targets

**PERFORMING THE RITUAL OF THE DRY-LAND ANGLERS :** A member of the Association casting his line at a target on the quayside, while a recorder stands by with pencil and notebook. He will award points for technique and precision. Actors, barristers and factory workers are all members of the Association



**M. PERROT TOTS-UP THE TOTALS :** The bearded president of the Association des Pêcheurs adding the points recorded by various members during their Sunday afternoon of activity. M. Perrot is himself a fine fisherman and gives guidance to some of the younger members of the Association

TOWNSMEN LAY OUT THE FLOWERS ON THE COBBLESTONES OF THE VIA LIVIA, MAIN STREET OF THE LITTLE TOWN OF GENZANO, SIXTEEN MILES SOUTH-EAST OF ROME, WHICH HAS JUST HELD ITS ANNUAL FLOWER FESTIVAL : First a rough chalk line is inscribed on the street of the religious scenes which have previously been designed by local artists. The laying of the flowers is aided by use of large stencils

ELABORATE DESIGNS IN MULTI-COLOURED FLOWERS : The floral carpets nearing completion at the head of the Via Livia in readiness for the Infiorata di Genzano, which takes place at Corpus Christi

# 35 TONS OF FLOWERS FOR GENZANO'S FLORAL CARPET

## BRILLIANT PATTERNS AT THE CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL

WATCHED BY LARGE CROWDS, THE FLORAL ARTISTS OF GENZANO PUT THE FINISHING-TOUCHES TO THEIR WORK : In the foreground can be seen the chalk marks on the cobbled street. These act as a guide for the men engaged in laying the flowers

Genzano lies on the Via Appia sixteen miles south-east of Rome and near Lake Nemi. It has long been famed for its flower festival—the Infiorata di Genzano—which has taken place almost every year since 1778, being associated with the religious ceremonial of Corpus Christi. This year no fewer than 35 tons of flowers were used to make the floral carpet in the main street, the Via Livia, the carpet as usual consisting of a number of religious scenes. In the flower picture representing Judas's kiss, local Left Wing supporters put in a hangman's noose and added the slogan, "He who doesn't work doesn't eat." A tremendous amount of hard work went into the preparations. First artists worked out the designs, and their outline was traced in chalk on the cobbled streets. Meanwhile, thousands of flowers had been picked by parties of women who worked for a week in the neighbouring countryside, and other parties of women at Genzano separated the leaves from the blossoms. Finally the flowers were laid on the chalk outlines. Throughout the work the flowers were sprayed to keep them fresh. During the Corpus Christi procession to the church only the bishops walked over the floral carpet.

THE HOLY FAMILY WROUGHT IN FLOWERS : This was one of the most elaborate of all the works of art constituting the Genzano carpet. Pilgrims from many parts of Italy came to Genzano to see the Corpus Christi processions in the brilliantly carpeted street

**THE HIGHLANDERS MARCH THROUGH ST. VALERY-EN-CAUX: The Black Watch Pipers leading the visiting Scottish contingent up the hill to the military cemetery during the commemoration of the rearguard actions of 1940 which took place in the little seaport town.** The official delegation from Scotland included Major-General D. N. Wimberley, who commanded the 51st (Highland) Division at El Alamein; Mr. Hector McNeil, Secretary of State for Scotland; Lord and Lady Huntly, and the Lord Provosts and Provosts and municipal officials from Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness and Elgin. An impressive series of ceremonies during the Scottish visit included the unveiling of memorials to the fallen both of the 51st (Highland) Division and of the 2nd French Cavalry Division, the dedication of a gateway which has been provided by public subscription from North-East Scotland and erected in the military cemetery, and the presentation of a cheque for £7,500 from the same subscribers to the town of St. Valery. Part of the money raised will go to the building of the municipality's Scottish Hall

**THE DEDICATION OF THE SCOTTISH MEMORIAL ABOVE THE TOWN OF ST. VALERY-EN-CAUX: monolith hewn from a quarry near Balmoral and now erected on the hillside great rearguard action in 1940. Major-General D. N. Wimberley delivered an Scotland know full well that in putting up this memorial in Normandy we have**

# RETURN TO ST. VALERY

AND OTHER NEWS IN PICTURES FROM OVERSEAS

**HEWN FROM A QUARRY NEAR BALMORAL: Major-General R. K. Arbuthnot reading the Lesson during the dedication service beside the 51st (Highland) Division memorial on the hillside above St. Valery-en-Caux.** On the same day M. Maroselli, French Secretary of State for Air, unveiled on the opposite hillside a memorial to the men of the 2nd French Cavalry Division

**CELEBRATING THE FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI—A TRADITIONAL PROCESSION ON THE CHIEM LAKE, BAVARIA, WHEN NUMEROUS SMALL BOATS ACCOMPANIED A BARGE CARRYING AN ALTAR PREPARED FOR MASS: The barge crossed the lake to an island where, in the abbey, Auxiliary Bishop Dr. Neuhaussler, of Munich, celebrated Mass. Thousands of people lined the shore to watch the barge set out. In every Bavarian town and village there were colourful celebrations on Corpus Christi Day**

**CARRYING THE BANNERS OF THEIR PARISH: Altar boys and other children being rowed across the Chiem Lake, Bavaria, during the Corpus Christi celebrations. Their boat preceded the barge carrying an altar which was prepared for Mass**

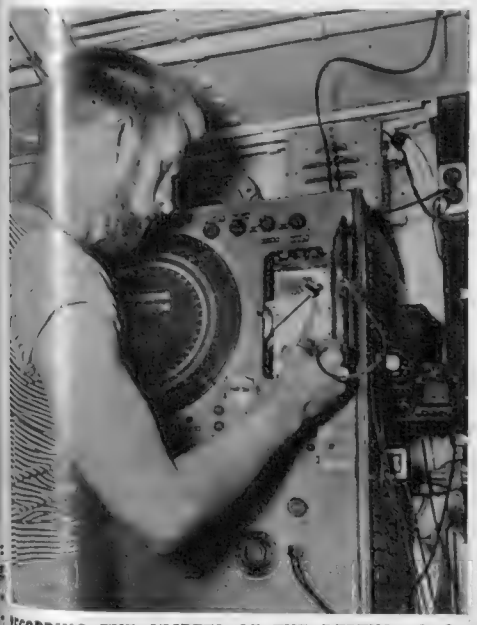
Corpus Christi, the festival of the church which is kept on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, in honour of the Eucharist, was instituted by Pope Urban IV in 1264. It was in mediaeval times often the occasion for the presentation of religious dramas by the trade guilds. In many parts of Middle Europe lake processions take place during Corpus Christi, another notable spot being on the Traunsee, where the procession of boats circles the 7½-mile-long lake. In Ober-Salzburg, Bavaria, it is an old custom on this day for young marksmen to fire pistols with the special object of expelling ghosts.

Valerequais and Scottish visitors gathered round the large granite de above the town where the 51st (Highland) Division fought its an address of dedication at the memorial, declaring, "We in ve delivered it into the hands of true friends and allies"

**A VICTIM OF CHIANG'S NAVY: The British-owned coastal steamer Cheung Hing (800 tons) arriving in Hong Kong Harbour after being shelled by a Chinese Nationalist gunboat two days earlier. Eight passengers were killed and eight passengers and two crew members wounded when the warship fired on the coaster three miles out of Amoy**

**NOW XPLORING THE OCEAN BED OFF THE AMERICAN SEABOARD:** The United States Fish and W dlife Service trawler *Albatross III* leaving Woods Hole, Massachusetts, before joining in the m ltiple-ship survey of the Gulf Stream. Five U.S. ships and one Canadian ship have been covering in this research survey a 1,500-mile stretch of water between Cape Hatteras and the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. The survey is under the auspices of the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy

**THE MINISTER OF WAR TAKES PART IN A JUNGLE PATROL: Mr. John Strachey (left) talks to members of a patrol as he set out with them in search of Malayan bandits.** Mr. Strachey was determined to assess conditions in the field for himself, and took part in an ordinary patrol under everyday conditions of danger. Mr. Strachey, on returning to London, declared: "It is impossible to prophesy how long it will be before the rising is suppressed, but, of course, it will be suppressed, and all the military measures to that end will be taken. I have complete confidence." He gave these reasons for confidence about the outcome: "The people of Malaya are with us—our issue of rifles and shot-guns to the peasants shows that; The rising is by a relatively small number of Communists and their supporters; Our troops are in good heart"



**ECORDING THE SECRETS OF THE DEPTHS: *Left*—A technician in *Albatross III* making notes as an echo-sounder shows trace of a submarine mountain somewhere off the American coast. One line of research aboard *Albatross* is to discover if the configuration of the ocean bed influences the path of a current. *Right*—Water temperatures and samples being taken with the aid of equipment which can make recordings at depths of 6,000 ft.**

Students of geology have unravelled a great deal of the past history of the earth, but our knowledge of the ocean depths is limited in the extreme, thousands of fathoms of water acting as a natural barrier between the oceanographer and the sedimentary deposits on the ocean floor which have remained undisturbed through billions of years. Both in Europe and America these studies are now being pursued with the aid of modern coring apparatus, while echo-sounders and other equipment operated from the surface are also valuable aids. The present multiple-ship survey in the Gulf Stream area, now being carried out by the Hydrographic Office of the U.S. Navy, will no doubt yield important results, though they will probably not be comparable with those obtained by *Albatross I*, the remarkable Swedish survey ship, which made a highly successful world cruise in 1947-48, taking a whole series of cores from the ocean bed in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

**DELEGATION FROM THE ROOF OF THE WORLD: Mr. Shakabpa (left) and Mr. Gyalpo (centre), joint leaders of the Tibetan Mission which seeks to go to Hong Kong for the purpose of negotiating with the Chinese Communist Government, seen in Delhi with their official interpreter.** The two leaders came to Delhi from Calcutta after they and their five colleagues had been refused permission to board a B.O.A.C. aircraft on which they had booked passages to Hong Kong. The question of the issue of British visas for the mission to visit Hong Kong arises in view of the delicate situation in the British Crown Colony. It is thought that it might be wiser if the Sino-Tibetan talks were arranged to take place in Delhi. This would now not be difficult to achieve as the Government of India has recently established diplomatic relations with China

WHERE A NEW VILLAGE IS SPRINGING INTO BEING TO HOUSE THE WORKERS IN BRITAIN'S VAST AND GROWING NORTHERN FOREST AREA: Looking across the Kielder Forest, in the North Tyne Valley, from Mount Common to the first houses of the new village in the middle distance. In this area there are now 60,000,000 coniferous trees, and in fifty years' time 170 square miles of forest farms will have been welded closely together into what will be Britain's largest forest

# WORK IN THE KIELDER FOREST

## PREPARING TO FIGHT THE COLORADO BEETLE; AN OLD CANAL TO BE MADE NEW

Spruce, pine and fir-trees, varying in height from a mere 6 ins. to 50 ft., are springing up in the Kielder Forest, Britain's new timber-growing area, and in the heart of it all is a new village for forest and agricultural workers. Kielder village will have 200 houses, a dozen shops, a church and two public-houses. At the moment there are 350 forestry workers in the district, but this will expand to 2,000 when the Kielder timber comes into saleable production. It will be another half-century before Britain's largest forest reaches maturity, and 170 forest farms have been welded successfully into one complete project. Kielder lies in the North Tyne Valley.

THE FOREST LOOK-OUT ON MOUNT COMMON, NORTHUMBERLAND: From this vantage-point above the Tyne Valley, all the growing timber in the forest can be surveyed. During heat-wave weather, when the timber is tinder-dry, the watchers must be on the alert for fire during every minute of the night and day

THE RUTTING PLOUGH AT WORK IN THE KIELDER FOREST: This implement is used in the planting of young trees on the heavily-broken ground on Northumbrian hillsides. In the far distance is a hill clothed with young conifers. Bridle-paths divide up the area and act as fire-breaks

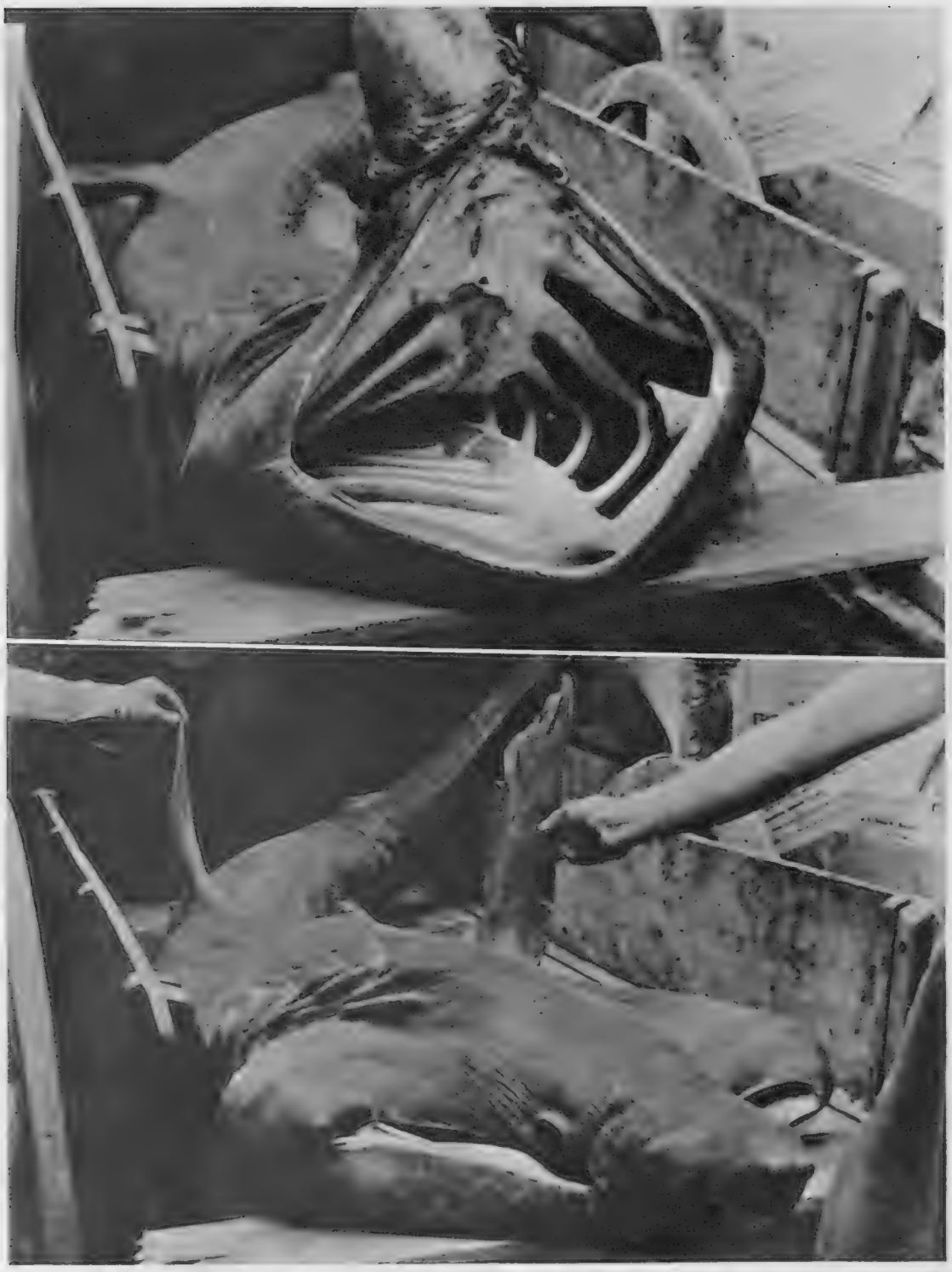
STUDYING A MAP OF THE FOREST AREA: Lord Radnor (right), chairman of the National Committee of the Forestry Commission, with Mr. C. J. Sanger, Director of Forestry for England, seen during a tour of the new Kielder Forest area

**WAR ON THE COLORADO BEETLE—THE AGRO ATOMISER SPRAYER AT WORK IN RICHMOND PARK, WHERE AN IMPOSING FORCE OF THIRTY-THREE MACHINES WAS PARADED IN THE PRESENCE OF LORD HUNTINGDON, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE, BEFORE BEING DISPATCHED FOR OPERATION IN VARIOUS PARTS OF SOUTH-EASTERN ENGLAND: Accompanying the machines are sixty lorries and trailers for supplies and services, and during the next few weeks they will spray 28,500 acres of growing potatoes which are subject to attack by the Colorado beetle.** Kent is the main area of concentration, as it is the part of the country most exposed to invasion by air from the Continent, and parts of Surrey, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, Essex, Suffolk and Berkshire are all scheduled for spraying. In areas which have already been infected by the Colorado beetle, carbon-disulphide is injected into the soil by an American machine, the only one of its kind in the country. It was imported during the war when it was believed that the Germans might drop live beetles from the air to destroy Britain's potato crops. Colorado beetles were first detected in England in 1901 near Tilbury. There were serious outbreaks during the war, and even greater numbers were detected in 1947. Although many were seen in England last year, no established colonies were reported. All potato crops in the coastal belt between Southampton and Harwich are inspected during the summer, and particular attention is paid to those near wharves and quays used by ships coming in from Europe. Nor is there any neglect of the possibility that Colorado beetles might be introduced by aircraft

**THE STAUFFER SOIL-INJECTION MACHINE: This ingenious machine, used in fighting the Colorado beetle in Britain, injects carbon-disulphide into the ground to a depth of 10 ins., spreading poisonous fumes into the area which is already infected. As the carbon-disulphide is highly inflammable, fire-fighting appliances have to be kept handy when injections are being carried out. These take place during the pre-planting period. Sprayers work when the potatoes are nearing maturity**

**TRENSHAM LOCK, NEAR PERSHORE, IS TO BE PUT IN ORDER: The lock lies on a stretch of the Avon between Tewkesbury and Evesham. The navigation rights of this part of the lower Avon have been acquired by the Inland Waterways Association, which intends to beautify this stretch of water as well as repair all the locks, many of them in a very dilapidated condition. The £10,000 scheme should make it possible for owners of small craft to use the Avon once again**

**SHEARING IN THE MIDST OF THE JUNE HEAT-WAVE: Members of Young Farmers' Clubs engaged in a shearing contest at Maristow Barton, South Devon. While the competitors sweated away in the heat to beat the clock, the sheep stood still and no doubt noted with gratitude the swift disappearance of their winter coats**



THE MONSTER WITH THE FLIPPERS LIKE A SEAL, A SHARK'S TAIL AND BLOWHOLES LIKE A WHALE: This extraordinary marine creature, shown in two pictures, one with jaws gaping, was captured recently by French fishermen operating off Chaussey Island, in the English Channel, and landed in Western France

# MONSTERS OF THE DEEP

## A Strange Mixture from the English Channel, and a Giant Lobster from the New England Coast

*On left—*

June ushers in the silly season in the British and American Press, or so the theory goes, and rumours of sea-serpents and sea-monsters appear in the daily columns with almost monotonous frequency. On June 7 the British United Press, well known for its accuracy of reporting, sent out this message from Granville: "Fishermen at Granville, Western France, are trying to find the name of a 700-lb. sea creature caught in the Channel. It is 12 ft. long, has a blue skin, flippers like a seal and the tail of a shark and appears to have both fish gills and blowholes like a whale, the fishermen said to-day."

Judge of the general interest two days later when the report was verified pictorially by the picture reproduced on the left. For once the silly season had made a false start, the honour of the Press had been vindicated, and the world of natural history had been set something of a poser.

AN OUTSIZE IN LOBSTERS CAUGHT OFF AMERICA'S EASTERN SEABOARD: Young Larry Shea, of Newport, Rhode Island, compares a lobster of normal size with a 17½-lb. monster which was recently caught near Newport. It was dragged aboard a boat with a boat-hook

A GRASSHOPPER INVASION ON A CALIFORNIAN RANCH: Hungry grasshoppers swarming round a reporter on the 22,000-acre Garner Ranch, near Idyllwild, where the invasion by this pest is described as the worst in ten years. Although chill winds temporarily slowed the march of the grasshoppers, it was thought with warmer weather they would spread rapidly westwards across the State of California

*On left—*

California is at the moment in the grip of a grasshopper plague, possibly the worst for ten years. There are two distinct varieties of this pest, the locusts, which belong to the *Acrididæ* family of grasshoppers, which produce their familiar chirp by drawing the edge of the wing along the inner side of the femur, and the members of the *Tettigoniidæ*, which rub their wings together. It is the *Tettigoniidæ* that have invaded the Californian grazing lands in such numbers this year. They are green with long antennæ.

# DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA FROM THE SKY

## AMERICA'S FEDERAL CAPITAL VIEWED FROM A HEIGHT OF 10,000 FT.

*On left*—**THE POTOMAC RIVER FROM NEW ALEXANDRIA AND MOUNT VERNON TO THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, FEDERAL CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:** This remarkable aerial view, a horizon-to-horizon picture, was taken with an infra-red film at a height of 10,000 ft. above the District of Columbia, the seat of the American Federal Government, for which the land was ceded by the State of Maryland and established under Acts of Congress in 1790 and 1791. This year marks the 150th anniversary since Congress first met in the District of Columbia, which is itself administered as a municipal corporation, having a board of three commissioners. The new Air Force camera used for taking the picture was mounted in a B 17 bomber. Exposure of the film to any one point on the ground is approximately 1/300th of a second. It requires two seconds for the camera on its revolving mount to make the full 180 deg. swing of which it is capable. The horizontal distance covered at 10,000 ft. is estimated at 26 miles, and this distance is increased if the elevation of the aircraft is increased. In the extreme foreground of the picture an arrow points to Mount Vernon, the former home of George Washington beside the banks of the Potomac River. Travelling north the eye alights on the town of Alexandria, city and port of entry of Virginia, which lies 100 miles from the mouth of the Potomac and seven miles south of Washington. The eighteenth-century-old Christ Church at Alexandria is shown to visitors as a church where both George Washington and Robert E. Lee worshipped. Almost opposite Alexandria across the Potomac is the Naval Research Laboratory, and some miles to the north, facing each other across the river, are the National Airport and Bolling Air Force Base. The strip of land projecting like a tongue near the top of the picture is East Potomac Park. Across the head of this strip, railway and highway bridges carry traffic from the City of Washington, which is seen in the background, to the Virginian shore. At the point of the tongue of land the Anacostia River meets the Potomac. North of the National Airport is the famous Pentagon building, headquarters of the American Department of Defence, that vast combination which watches over the three Services. The Pentagon was built in two years and finished in 1943 to meet the needs of America's expanding war effort. The building covers over 34 acres and has 17½ miles of corridors. About 25,000 administrative personnel work within the Pentagon. On the same side of the river is the famous national cemetery on Arlington Heights, where ex-Secretary of State Marshall recently made his plea for "a sound peace"

**AN AMERICAN NAVAL RESEARCH CENTRE HIDDEN AMONG THE WOODS:** This aerial view is of the David Taylor Model Basin, near Washington. Here scale models of ships and planes are tested under controlled conditions. There are two long model basins for ship testing and five wind-tunnels for testing planes both at low speeds and at supersonic speeds

# WHERE THE TWO KOREAS MEET

## A Danger-Point of the Asian World

At the Cairo Conference in 1943 the Allies decided that after Korea had been freed from Japanese rule the country would, in due course, be given independence. In 1945 the Russians captured the naval base of Rashin (North Korea) and Americans landed at Jinsen (South Korea). A year later Korea was divided at the 38th parallel, just north of the capital city, Seoul, and the Americans and the Russians set up separate zones of occupation. The results of that division have been tragic, so much so indeed, that in 1949 a United Nations Commission, under Dr. Anup Singh, reported that the prospects of uniting Korea "were more and more remote" and that the country faced the "serious danger of a barbarous civil war." The Commission described the world-wide antagonism between the Soviet Union and the U.S.A. as one of the basic factors underlying Korean disunity

**A HILLTOP POST ON THE 38TH PARALLEL: South Korean troops in their look-out on the boundary line between North and South Korea. Much military posturing on both sides of the 38th parallel has on occasions brought the two parts of the country near to open civil war**

**SHARP-SHOOTERS OF THE FRONTIER: These South Korean troops are as "trigger happy" as their North Korean brethren, and they are only too liable to take a shot if any North Korean approaches the frontier. Questions can be asked afterwards. As a result of these border rivalries and of political animosities within the country the threat of civil war in Korea is never far removed**

**A MORTAR TEAM TAKES UP ITS ACTION STATION: South Korean troops who have been drilled by the Americans. The last U.S. forces left Korea a year ago, but a Military Mission of 500 officers and men remained**

*On right*—**HERE IN 1949 NORTH AND SOUTH KOREANS FOUGHT A MINIATURE WAR: This is the country round Kaesong on the 38th parallel between North and South Korea. North Korean Communists have made several attempts to take Kaesong, but they were beaten back in the last big engagement**

**THE CITY OF BUENOS AIRES CONTINUES WITH HER VAST AVENUE-BUILDING PROJECT :** This is a completed section of the great thoroughfare, the Avenue of the Ninth of July, which was begun some years ago and is now in process of completion. Of recent months many blocks of houses have been demolished in order to make way for new sections of the Avenue, and this has contributed to the housing crisis in the city. There has been criticism of the civic authorities for continuing the project at such a time. The Avenue commemorates Argentina's Declaration of Independence

**THE OBELISK IN REPUBLIC PLACE :** Here the Avenue of the Ninth of July, in process of extension, meets the Avenue Corrientes (left background) and Saenz Paena, both busy arteries of commerce

# THRUSTING AN AVENUE THROUGH THE HEART OF BUENOS AIRES

**Continuing a Vast Building Project**

**PAVEMENTS ARE WIDE AND CROWDS MOVE UP AND DOWN WITH EASE :** A throng on one of the sidewalks of a completed section of the Avenue of the Ninth of July, which is lined with trees

**WHERE THE AVENUE (IN ITS INFANCY DESCRIBED AS THE WIDEST AND SHORTEST AVENUE IN THE WORLD) COMES TO A FULL-STOP :** These two pictures show the start of work on uncompleted sections of the Avenue of the Ninth of July, that *on the left* being near the intersection with Republic Place and the great obelisk. As the Avenue progresses, old buildings are being torn down, and the authorities have been finding it difficult to rehouse the families who have been dispossessed in the interests of the city's aggrandisement. The Avenue is probably rivalled in width only by the main thoroughfare of Salt Lake City, Utah

The city of Buenos Aires, founded in 1535 by Pedro de Mendoza, who gave it the name of Puerto de Santa Maria de los Buenos Aires, became in 1826, six years after the Argentine Republic threw off the Spanish yoke, the capital of the United Provinces of the Rio de la Plata. In May 1853, it was declared the capital of Argentina, and since then its progress has been without parallel in Latin America. With a population estimated at 2,500,000, it is the largest city south of the Equator, and, after Paris, it is the largest Latin city in the world. It shares with Paris the distinction of being superbly planned, and as these pictures show, one of the city's greatest avenue-building projects is now in progress of completion. Originally the street plan was strictly rectangular, but as traffic congestion grew the civic authorities made modifications, creating diagonal avenues which cut north-west and south-west from the Plaza de Mayo. The North Diagonal, the Avenue Saenz Paena, has indeed become the axis of commercial life with many tall buildings reminiscent of New York. Linking up with the Saenz Paena at Republic Place in the new Avenue of the Ninth of July, which when finished will stretch right across the city from north to south, joining two important railway stations, the General Roca, on Constitution Square, with the newly-named Presidente Peron Station. The present project, which will certainly add to the beauty and the amenities of the city, has not gone forward without criticism, and, indeed, in 1949 Mayor Debenedetti was subjected to repeated attacks because of the city's partial failure in re-housing the dispossessed on the line of the new Avenue, where demolition squads had lately cut a swath through one of the poorer residential quarters. It would seem, however, that the project is of much more than civic significance, and that President Peron, Argentina's dictator, is anxious to see it pushed to completion as soon as possible

BARCALDINE CASTLE, ARGYLL, WHICH RANKS WITH DUNVEGAN AS ONE OF THE OLDEST INHABITED PRIVATE RESIDENCES IN SCOTLAND : This ancient Campbell stronghold dates from the fifteenth century. It stands close to the shores of Loch Creran, in North Argyll. There in January, 1692, Mclain, Chief of the Glencoe Macdonalds, lodged while on his ill-fated journey from Glencoe to Inverary to take the oath of allegiance to King William. To-day Barcaldine still remains Campbell property

RUINS OF SALTCOATS CASTLE, EAST LOTHIAN : Saltcoats, near Gullane, was built in the sixteenth century by the family of Livingston or Lethington of Saltcoats, an ancient family of East Lothian

# CASTLES NORTH OF THE BORDER

## The Scottish Heritage in Stone

Sombre and aloof, the castles of Scotland bestride their northern fastnesses like milestones along the rough and turbulent highway of history. Whether majestic and undiminished, or roofless and fragmentary, they appear essentially as a part of, rather than an addition to, their native surroundings—seeming to be as indigenous to the terrain in which their foundations are rooted as the landscape itself.

Few countries possess a richer and more vital heritage of romantic lore than Scotland, though in the field of architecture the standard of her early buildings, both domestic and ecclesiastic (those that were erected between the Restoration and the Union of the Crowns) was notably mean in comparison with their English counterparts. Even after the Union when places of strength were no longer necessary to repel the inroads of the English, the country seats of the nobility, or landed gentry, were mostly in the style of castle or tower. Though feudal notions universally prevailed, even persons of moderate estate affected to copy the great barons in the fashion of their houses. There remained, no doubt, much occasion for places of strength, and even if these towers or fortalices could not withstand a regular siege, they sufficed to rebuff a sudden attack from freebooters or private enemies. And so they stand many of them to this day throughout the country, fortresses of all sizes from the Royal castles whose origin is obscure, to the tall towers built by the lesser landed lairds in the sixteenth century.

Surely only he has known the true enchantment of Scotland who has watched the rays of the setting sun play upon the battlemented heights of Stirling Castle; contemplated the great pile of Glamis; the sullen grandeur of Dunvegan and Duart; and discovered the secluded beauty of Barcaldine on a summer's day; or seen Castle Stalker on its rocky islet—the most scenically unique of miniature West Highland castles—when the spray from the lashing waters of Loch Laich swirls about the gaunt walls of the ancient keep of the Stewarts of Appin.

"A GREAT PILE RIDING ON A LITTLE SEA OF FOREST" : This is one description that has been given to Roslin Castle, Midlothian, which stands on a rocky promontory overlooking the glen of the River Esk, a great part of it now in ruin. The Castle was founded by William St. Clair, Baron of Roslin and third Earl of Orkney, and was burned by the English under the Earl of Hertford in 1544

DUART CASTLE STANDS ON A GREAT ROCK OVERLOOKING THE SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO THE SOUND OF MULL : The Castle dates from the twelfth century, although it is said that a fortress stood on the site in the time of the Norse invasions. For generations Duart has been the seat of the Macleans. Founder of the Duart Macleans was Lauchlin M'Lean, who married Margaret, daughter of the first Lord of the Isles in 1366. The present owner of the Castle is Sir Charles Maclean, the twenty-seventh chief of his clan. During the Second World War he served with distinction in the Scots Guards. Sir Charles is Hon President of the Mull and Iona Association

CASTLE STALKER ON ITS ROCKY ISLET, EILEAN AN STALCAIRE—ISLAND OF THE DEER HUNTER: This picturesque West Highland keep lies in the sound of Loch Linnhe between Appin and the island of Lismore. It is said to have been built by Duncan Stewart of Appin as a hunting-seat for King James the Fourth. Here in 1745 a detachment of militia was posted to aid the Jacobites in their rebellion

HAMILTON TOWER, PRESTONPANS: This was the fifteenth-century stronghold of the Hamiltons of Seton. It was burned to the ground accidentally in 1663 and subsequently rebuilt. In the first quarter of the seventeenth century Sir John Hamilton adapted the tower to domestic requirements, building a two-storeyed house with dormer windows above the parapet wall of the tower. The whole structure is now a ruin, but the unusual grafting of a house upon a fortress, which is probably unique, is still plain to see

*On right—*

Northfields, Prestonpans, a seventeenth-century survival, is neither house nor castle, and is of special interest because it exemplifies a style of semi-fortified house to be found both in the Scottish Lowlands and upon the Marches of Wales. Nearby is the battlefield of Prestonpans, where Sir John Cope and his men were put to rout by the Highlanders in the rebellion of the '45. Colonel James Gardiner was mortally wounded in an heroic stand on the battlefield, and an obelisk in the grounds of his house at Bankton, also close to the battlefield, commemorates his valour. The ballad of Adam Skirving (1719-1803), "Hey, Johnnie Cope," has immortalised the rout of the Royal forces. Prestonpans, which lies on the Forth just under ten miles east of Edinburgh, derives its name from the salt pans which were laid down at the end of the twelfth century. The industry has long since declined.

NORTHFIELDS, PRESTONPANS: This seventeenth-century building stands close to the battlefield of Prestonpans in a district rich in historical interest. It was on September 21, 1745, that Prince Charles Edward and his Highlanders gained a complete victory at Prestonpans over the Royal forces commanded by Sir John Cope

*On right—*

**WHERE MARY AND BOTHWELL DALLIED: Seton Castle, the property of the Earl of Wemyss and March, and at present leased to Sir Edward Stevenson, was built in 1790 to replace Seton Palace, once one of the most magnificent mansions in Scotland. On the night of Rizzio's murder at Holyrood in 1566, Queen Mary rode with Darnley to Seton on their way to Dunbar. In 1567, a week after the Earl of Darnley's murder, Mary and Bothwell spent a week at Seton "in amusement." The fifth Earl of Seton, or Seyton, who figured in Sir Walter Scott's "The Abbott," was one of Queen Mary's most devoted adherents. James VI and Charles I were both entertained at Seton. The castle was destroyed by the English invaders in 1544. The present building was erected by Mackenzie of Portmore**

"AFTER YOU, CLAUDE"—MEMBERS OF THE RIVAL CREWS EXCHANGE COURTESIES AS THEY NEAR THE FINISH OF THEIR INTER-VARSITY RACE: The race was part of the May Week "Rag" at the end of the May Races at Cambridge, and the crews were made up of officers and ex-officers of the Oxford and Cambridge Unions. They wore evening dress. A large and enthusiastic crowd applauded their efforts, particularly at the moment depicted here, when neither eight seemed anxious to accept the honours of the evening, offering its rival the distinction of finishing first. The final result was declared to be a well-merited draw

THE OXFORD UNION DEBATING SOCIETY'S CREW CATCH AN IMPOSING SERIES OF CRABS: The eight making heavy weather of their task in their contest with the Cambridge Union Debating Society. They had previously halted half-way to take a glass of sherry

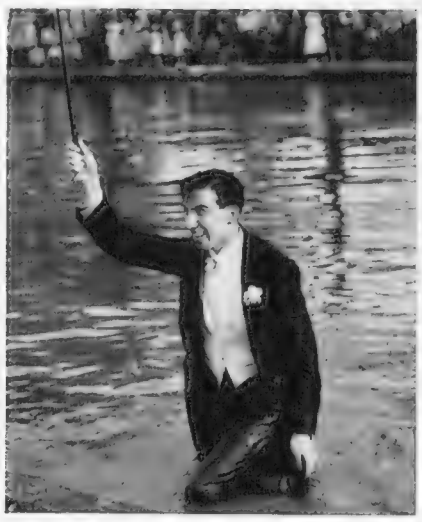
# A RAG ON THE CAM

**To Mark the Climax of May Week at Cambridge**

The Cambridge May Races, held in flaming June, as ever produced some fine rowing, particularly by the crews of Lady Margaret, one of which went to the head of the river, and into the bargain a great deal of fun, as witness these pictures taken on the Cam during the contest between the rival Unions of Oxford and Cambridge. It was a magnificent battle, with the issue never really in question, and there were cries of delighted surprise from the banks as the rival coxswains (one of them was 16 stone) got their craft pointing in the right direction. At the finish the Cambridge cox received a ducking and the two crews, after ringing out their coat-tails, went off to celebrate their prowess which had given such pleasure to those who lined the Cam.

THE PRESIDENT HAS A FINAL WORD WITH HIS MEN: Robin Day, President of the Oxford Union and Coxswain of the Society's rowing eight, inspecting his dinner-jacketed crew before their challenge race with the men of Cambridge

THE TWO CREWS GET AFLOAT: The preliminaries were hilarious to a degree, with none of the tension of the Putney-to-Mortlake affair. Only one member of each crew was an experienced oarsman, and at times indeed it was difficult to believe that any of them had ever been in a boat in their lives before



CAMEOS ON THE CAM: *Top left and right*—This is Norman St. John-Stevas, coxswain of the Cambridge Union eight, who is seen on terra firma and after taking his place elegantly in the stern of the boat, his coat-tails dangling in the water. He was so arrogant about the whole business that he had to be ducked after the race. *Below, on left*—Waving his gold-knobbed cane, he waded through the water and (*below, on right*) came ashore his usual ebullient self

**THE RACE FOR BOWSPRIT BARGE-YACHTS IN THE MEDWAY FROM GILLINGHAM TO SHEERNESS:** *Alice Maym*, *Thoma II* and *Petrel* **are the leading three boats in this picture taken at the start of the contest organised by the Medina Club at Hoo. There was so little wind that the course was shortened by 10 miles, the contestants being excused the long journey round the Nore Forts, which they would probably not have completed before nightfall**

# THE MEDWAY BARGES RACE AGAIN

## Little Wind and Much Skill in the Annual Contest

Londoners and all those who know the Estuary of the London River, regret that the Thames sailing-barges are no longer being built and that so many of them have been converted to power; but under the patronage of the Medina Club at Hoo the annual barge race still goes on. This year it was very much of a happy gathering, with Mr. Ernest Gill, Commodore of the Medina Club, as the moving spirit of the day. When vessels fouled each other or a buoy their skippers could be sure of hearing some good-humoured comment and advice from the committee boat, which was equipped with a loudspeaker. After 3½ hours it was apparent that the race would not be finished before nightfall, so the committee boat anchored itself off Sheerness and ordered the contestants to treat it as the turning-point on the shortened course. One of the most fancied barges, *Sirdar*, a 53-tonner, mistook the five-minute for the starting-gun, and showed smartness over the line. She was recalled, but eventually emerged a clear winner.

**"ARDEEN," WITH SAILS BILLOWING GENTLY, DRIFTS ROUND THE COURSE IN THE MEDWAY RACE:** A bow and stern view of the sailing-barge during the long-drawn-out contest. One naval commentator said that in the light airs there was a good deal of cannoning from one Admiralty buoy to another, and very little real racing, but as usual the competitors made the race an occasion for a pleasant outing and much good-humoured chaff was exchanged across the water by the skippers and crews of the competing boats. The winner of the race, the commercial barge *Sirdar*, is owned by the London and Rochester Trading Company

# AUSTRALIAN DESERT MISSION

## A SCHOOL FOR ABORIGINES FOUNDED BY LUTHERAN REFUGEES

At Hermannsberg, 80 miles west of Alice Springs, in the Northern Territory, is the Lutneran Finke River Mission for aborigines, one of the best missions in Australia working for the natives. It is one of the few missions which seek to give the native incentive; to teach him to bear responsibility; and eventually to make a place for himself in the world.

To this end the Mission has established an aboriginal pastoralist's scheme. Five of its 350 charges are now cattle-owners. It looks after the marketing of the work of thirteen artists headed by Albert Namatjira, who have made a deep impression on the world of art.

THE LUTHERAN MISSION FOR AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES AT HERMANNSBERG ON THE FINKE RIVER, 80 MILES WEST OF ALICE SPRINGS, IN THE HEART OF AUSTRALIA: The mission, founded by Lutheran communities in South Australia in gratitude for the religious toleration they discovered in Australia, occupies an area of arid shifting sands between the Macdonell Ranges and the James Ranges. Alice Springs is the nearest railway station, and Adelaide is nearly 1,000 miles away by train. The mission has probably done more than any other in the Commonwealth to give the native incentive to carve out a career for himself

THE WORD COMES TO DESERT NOMADS: A Central Australian pastor with an aborigine woman who received help at the Hermannsberg Mission. Many aborigines still lead a nomadic life

SECULAR AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING AT THE MISSION: *Left*—Some of the young pupils learning to write under the guidance of their woman teacher. *Right*—Old Abel, an aborigine who remembers the early days of the Mission seventy years ago, reading the lesson at Sunday School at Hermannsberg Mission. To the older aborigines Christianity remains a deeply stirring living creed

A NATIVE CRAFTSMAN AT WORK AT THE MISSION: He is cutting leather made in the Mission tannery. A host of articles are made at the Mission, and all boot repairs are carried out from the strong home-tanned leather

IN THE PLAYGROUND: Youngsters enjoying themselves on the roundabout, a gift to Hermannsberg from a well-wisher

THE WOMEN FORGATHER: Here every morning the wife of one of the missionaries comes to give them their chores for the day

But the fact that the Mission is so far ahead of Government and other authorities who profess to cater for the welfare of the aborigine is an indictment of Australia's neglect of its primitive people. Even after seventy-three years of missions, the native women still go into the bush to have their babies—and the death-rate is still high. The people live in wurlies and eat their meals from the well-trodden sand.

Hampering the missionaries is the lack of finance and lack of equipment. Next most urgent need is a tractor to clean the three dams on the Mission property. But decent houses to live in, washing and cleaning facilities, would help to open new horizons for the younger people.

The Mission had its first beginnings in the gratitude of the Lutheran communities in South Australia, for finding the religious freedom in Australia which had not been theirs in Germany. The first missionaries took eighteen months to reach the country from Bethany, a town 40 miles from Adelaide. They suffered many hardships. Their supplies, brought by waggon from the south, cost them from £44 to £70 a ton; and took from five to ten months to arrive.

The real work of giving a meaning to the lives of desert nomads was begun by Pastor Albrecht on his appointment to the Mission in 1926. The Mission was then involved in a drought, in which hundreds of natives died. Albrecht started industries and, later, with financial assistance raised by two Melbourne artists, brought in the water and made gardens.

The unexpected artistic ability of mission boy Albert Namatjira brought the work at Hermannsberg into the limelight. Namatjira now gets around £1,500 a year and is an artist of high repute.

Child care has been established on a sound footing at Hermannsberg. Over the last few years there has been a steady increase in the community. The hardest fight is against the apathy of the aborigines themselves. They know they have little to look forward to, and Australian white people are slow in coming forward with aid.

The many frustrations suffered by people who try to help the aborigine are voiced by Pastor Gross. He says: "They are their own worst enemies. In their natural state they are destroyers. They are exploiters. To teach them to care for something is to teach them a thing entirely foreign to their natures."

WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR: Members of the Royal Engineers preparing to set off the charge which laid low the mill chimney at Johnshaven, on the Aberdeen-Dundee road. Owing to the proximity of other buildings of importance the chimney had to be made to fall along a carefully-defined line

THE TOP OF THE JOHNSHAVEN CHIMNEY BLOWS OFF: This was the first result obtained by the detonating charge, and a few seconds later the whole chimney, for over fifty years a landmark, came crashing to the ground

# JOHNSHAVEN'S CHIMNEY IS LAID LOW

## A COMBINED OPERATION ON SCOTLAND'S EAST COAST

THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY FELL FIRST: As a result of this unexpected development, the flying brickwork went through a roof, but the main part of the chimney fell in the prepared position fixed by the Royal Engineers

CROWDS ON THE ABERDEEN-DUNDEE ROAD WATCH THE PASSING OF A LANDMARK: The chimney caught by the camera at an angle of 45 degrees as it fell into its prepared position. The chimney contained about 120 tons of brickwork

The demolition of the 120-ton chimney at Johnshaven, on the Scottish coast about ten miles north of Montrose, was a peacetime combined operation featuring the Royal Engineers, the Royal Corps of Signals, the Women's Royal Army Corps, the Army Cadet Force, and the oldest inhabitant of Johnshaven. The territorials were asked to undertake the task of bringing down the chimney on behalf of an Aberdeen printing firm, who had taken over the mill premises at Johnshaven after their own premises in Aberdeen had been destroyed by fire. Due to the proximity of vital buildings, the chimney had to be felled along the axis of a narrow lane less than 20 ft. wide, and, on the whole, everything went according to plan. The only trouble was that the detonation blew off the already cracked top of the chimney, and this went crashing through a roof. The charge was set off simultaneously by Johnshaven's oldest inhabitant, Mr. James M'Farlane, Cadet Robert Barron, aged thirteen, and Cadet William Burr, also aged thirteen, who all had a hand in pressing the plunger. In control of the operation was Lieut.-Colonel J. Patrick Jeffrey, of the 51st (Highland) Division Engineers. The mill premises are to be equipped with automatic electric printing plant, which will be among the most modern in operation in Scotland.

## THE BATSMAN IN ACTION

THE PENALTY OF AN UNBALANCED MOMENT: H. H. Johnson, who plays for the West Indies as a bowler, watches a ball he has skied when playing the bowling of Hollies. Johnson saw Dollery make an easy catch. He was only one of many victims of England's guileful bowling and an atrocious crumbling wicket in the First Test Match at Old Trafford

# CRICKET ATTITUDES

### SOME VARIED ASPECTS OF THE GREAT SUMMER GAME

In many ways the telephoto lens has transformed the game of cricket, for it has captured the fleeting moments of the struggle as it is seen in midfield by the players themselves. Sometimes there is an element of distortion, as witness some of these pictures taken during the First Test between England and the West Indies at Old Trafford, but even the distorted picture has its lessons to teach, and there is much that the young aspiring cricketer can learn from the acrobatics of Edrich and Bailey in the slips, or the action of Berry at the crease.

The Old Trafford Test did not produce the best of cricket, for both sides battled on scarred turf, the result of a winter top-dressing to kill clover. The pre-Test Trial was also no real guide to England's potentialities, for Jim Laker's unplayable spell wrought such havoc among the young hopefuls that we cannot really judge where they stand. But for Laker, Doggart might have had two of his Cambridge colleagues with him at Manchester, Dewes and May, who both have a penchant for hard hitting.

Between now and September much can and will happen in the realm of cricket, and from it all we must find a first-class team to send "down under." For the Australians, even without Sir Don Bradman, are almost as menacing as ever. Indeed, young men like Neil Harvey, not to mention the brother of his who has already showed himself a power in Melbourne grade cricket, are waiting and eager to twist the lion's tail.

DOGGART, WHO HAS MADE FENNERS AND MANY A COUNTY GROUND ECHO WITH HIS HARD HITTING, STRIKES A CURIOUS POSE AT THE WICKET: Doggart is one of England's most promising bats, and few will forget his sterling performances in 1949. It is thought that he may succeed Yardley in the England captaincy, and much, of course, depends on their comparative form in the present season before the next winter's team for Australia is selected

F. M. WORRELL, THE WEST INDIAN NO. 3, GETS DOWN ON ONE KNEE TO SWEEP A BALL TO LEG: Worrell has been a notable run-getter, but he has not been at home against the guileful attacks of Hollies and Berry. At the moment he stands third in the West Indies batting averages

THE VIRTUOSITY OF LEN HUTTON: The England No. 1, with his injured right hand removed from the bat, hitting out during the First Test at Old Trafford. Every time bat hit ball Hutton felt the impact in his damaged fingers, but he scored 45 at a time when England needed the runs badly. He batted eighth in England's second innings

# THE BOWLER AND FIELDER

A DUAL DEBACLE IN THE SLIPS : Edrich falls one way and Bailey falls the other, the ball somehow or other going past them to the boundary. Edrich has the reputation of being a great slip fieldsman, and often when his batting and bowling have failed, his catching and run-saving have made him worth his place

DOGGART DIVES FOR THE BALL : The Cambridge player giving a demonstration of agility in the field when catching the West Indies player Rae off the bowling of Berry

G. E. GOMEZ, THE WEST INDIAN ALL-ROUNDER, IS CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA IN AN ELEGANT AND SATISFYING POSE : He was about to dismiss Yardley, the English skipper, with a catch off Valentine's bowling. In the second innings of the Test Gomez again accounted for Yardley, on that occasion getting him out l.b.w.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE CATCH OF THE SEASON : In actuality it was a robust attempt by Doggart to stop a hard-hit ball by Stollmeyer, the West Indian. Keeper Evans, as agile as Doggart, has leapt well to the leg

OLLIES VIEWS THE STUMPS WITH AGGRESSIVE INTENT : The Warwickshire man, when this picture was taken, made it plain that short runs could not be taken when he was anywhere in the vicinity

BAILEY PROVES HIS WORTH IN THE SLIPS : The camera records a piece of smart fielding. Bailey has fallen full-length in order to take the fast-travelling ball firmly in his grasp and to save an almost certain boundary

TEST DEBUTANT : Berry, the young and ardent Lancastrian bowler, in action at Old Trafford. Ten wickets for 89 runs was his fine analysis against the West Indians

**WITH DRUMS BEATING, COLOURS FLYING AND BAYONETS FIXED, THE ROYAL FUSILIERS (CITY OF LONDON) REGIMENT MARCHED THROUGH THE CITY:** *Left*—The Duchess of Kent and the Lord Mayor on the balcony of the Mansion House as the head of the column passed beneath them, en route to the regimental chapel in St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn, where a year ago the regimental Garden of Remembrance was opened. In this march, twenty-five Colours of battalions of the Royal Fusiliers no longer active were carried through the City for laying-up at St. Sepulchre's. *Right*—The Duchess of Kent and Major-General Harter leaving St. Sepulchre's

# THE CITY MARCH OF THE FUSILIERS

## AND OTHER HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

The senior Fusilier regiment of the British Army is the Royal Fusiliers (City of London) Regiment, formed in 1685. In their early days they were mounted and differed only from the carabiniers in that they were armed with the flintlock musket. By the end of the seventeenth century most European armies used fusiliers as an escort for the artillerymen, who were more often than not mercenary troops of no particular loyalty. Strangely enough, in their long and proud history the Royal Fusiliers have had no proper sanctuary, but this deficiency was made good last week with the dedication of St. Sepulchre's, Holborn, and the laying-up of the Colours. The presence of the Duchess of Kent at the City march-past and the dedication was a reminder that the late Duke of Kent was once Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment.

**THE HISTORIC COLOURS OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS ARE CARRIED INTO THE REGIMENTAL SANCTUARY:** The Colour Party entering St. Sepulchre's, Holborn Viaduct, with the twenty-five Colours of battalions no longer active. Some of the Colours are tattered by age, and others bear the marks of shot. Included in the parade were the active Colours of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers

**A PISCINA IS DISCOVERED AT THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, STANWELL, MIDDLESEX: The piscina (a stone basin used by priests for the washing of hands when celebrating the Eucharist) was discovered during renovation.** The discoverer was Mr. R. A. Smith, a history student of London University and Churchwarden of St. Mary's. The piscina dates from about the middle of the thirteenth century. From the age of the church, the Rector knew that a piscina must have been incorporated in the original structure, and the opportunity to search for it came when pews and panelling were attacked by dry-rot and had to be removed for renovation work

**THE MUCH-DISCUSSED BELL TOWER RESTAURANT OPENS IN THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S: The Bell Tower, a new restaurant run for City workers by the London County Council, consists of a dining-room for 125 persons and, in another part of the building, a modern snack-bar. Another dining-room seating seventy-five persons is situated in the basement. There has been some criticism by local catering interests that a licence was granted for extensive work on the Bell Tower, while they could not obtain permission to put their properties in order as a result of war damage. The front elevation of this new L.C.C. restaurant is carried out in glass brick. The ground-floor dining-room is in two-toned white, with an overspeckle of gold, and there is a glazed screen depicting the skyline of London**

THE WORLD'S FASTEST OPERATIONAL FIGHTERS FLYING OVER THE FORTH BRIDGE DURING EXERCISES: **These slim silver Gloster Meteors belong to the famed No. 222 (Natal) Squadron of the Royal Air Force and replace the Typhoons with which the Squadron wrought such havoc in the later days of the Second World War.** The Squadron was named after the South African province which made a gift of money to equip it at the time of the Battle of Britain. In those days the operational machines were eight-gun Spitfires

THE JETS WHICH LONDON AUXILIARIES WILL FLY IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY AT FARNBOROUGH: **Pilots of No. 601 County of London Squadron practising formation flying over North Weald, their base aerodrome, in their Vampire aircraft. The Farnborough Display is to take place on July 7 and 8.** The prototype Vampire, which flew in spring 1944, was the first aeroplane in Britain or America to exceed 500 m.p.h. by a wide margin and over a wide altitude range

THE HIGHLANDERS HAVE A LONDON FLING: **Pipe-Major Angus Macaulay plays the pipes while Danina Macphee, of Hornchurch, demonstrates her prowess in the dance. They were competitors in the Mod, the traditional Gaelic festival of music, dancing and the arts, which was held in London last week at the Royal Scottish Corporation Hall, Fetter Lane.** This was the fourteenth annual Mod of the Gaelic Society, and the first to be held in London since the war. A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*, in reporting the Mod, declared: "Even the Scot who does not feel able to produce an essay on 'Ciamar is fhearr a leasichear Obrichean duthchasach na Gaidhealtachd' must be thankful that there are plenty of scribes who can. The attendance was good and the programme as varied as a haggis recipe. Activities started at ten in the morning and were not quite finished twelve hours later. There were solo singers, sword-dancers, choirs, and plenty of promises for further events in 1951, when the hall will be the scene of more Anglo-Scots social parties than have been held since 1939"

MISS GERTRUDE MORAN MEETS THE PRESS AS SHE ARRIVES IN ENGLAND WITH HER LATEST FASHION CREATIONS TO DAZZLE THE WORLD OF LAWN TENNIS: **"Gorgeous Gussie" with journalists at the Dorchester Hotel, where she wore her latest tennis frock in white silk chiffon.** Miss Moran, who has spent part of the winter playing tennis in India and Egypt, appearing in Cairo in a black ensemble, is now a much-improved player. Last week she was seeded No. 1 in the Kent Championships at Beckenham, traditional prelude to Wimbledon, and her opponents had to put up with a battery of Press cameras in constant action, not to mention Miss Moran's hard-hit drives. Before coming to England Miss Moran made a stay in New York, where she was again bombarded by the Press. The New York *Herald Tribune* complained in an editorial: "Her interviews are laden with abstruse nonsense of a changed woman. No more lace panties, no more T-shirts, no more plunging neck-lines. We don't believe a word of it," that journal asserted

BRITAIN'S ENVOY LEAVES FOR CAIRO: **Sir Ralph Stevenson, the new British Ambassador to Egypt, seen with Lady Stevenson at London Airport. Sir Ralph is a former British Ambassador to China, and he was there at the time of the fall of Chiang's Government. He has served in Cairo before**

TO BE THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, THE NORE: **Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, at present Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel, who takes over at Chatham in November. Sir Cecil will be succeeded in his present post in September by Vice-Admiral A. C. G. Madden**

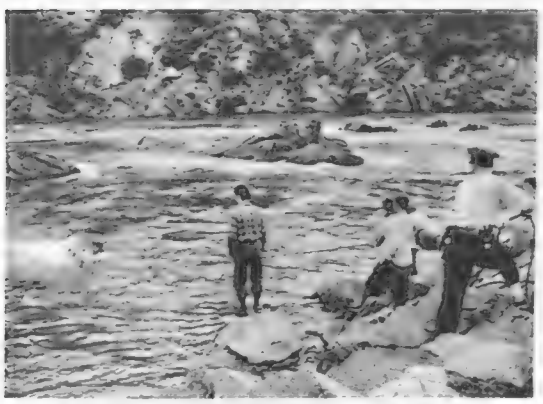
# TRAGEDY ON THE RIVER AND THE ROAD

## Some Dramatic Pictures from the United States, Sweden and South Africa

Several thousand people on the banks of the Allegheny River, near Pittsburgh, watched repeated attempts to save eight people in a cabin cruiser trapped in a raging torrent under an 11-ft. dam. Despite efforts from boats, an airship and a seaplane, four were drowned. At dawn a stern-wheel tug was driven against the dam face and the survivors were rescued. The cruiser missed the lock while making a moonlight trip and plunged over the dam. There it was caught by the swirling eddies. It was repeatedly driven against the face of the dam, recoiling each time with tons of water sweeping over the men and women clinging to its decks. During the night firemen illuminated the scene with searchlights. The small airship and the seaplane were used in unsuccessful attempts to pass tow-ropes to the boat. Several rowboats which tried to approach it were upset. As a last resort the tug, manned by a volunteer crew, was forced through the eddies to the battered boat. The survivors were the owner, two of his friends, and a lock attendant who had scrambled aboard when a skiff in which he had tried to reach the cruiser capsized. Another lock-keeper, two women and a man were drowned.

**THE ALLEGHENY RIVER DISASTER: Would-be rescuers are seen (left) tying a rope to a rowing-boat in the hope of letting it over the spillway of a dam to effect the rescue of four people trapped on a cabin cruiser amid the raging torrent below the falls. This rescue attempt failed, as did others made with a seaplane and a small airship. Four people lost their lives in the disaster and four were rescued, but only after many attempts**

**HOW THEY CLIMBED TO SAFETY FROM THE RAGING TORRENT ON THE ALLEGHENY RIVER: *Left*—The four men who were eventually rescued seen as they left the stern-wheel tug which plunged into the swirling waters and then took them off the cabin cruiser in which they were stranded. *Right*—James McHugh nearing the summit of the ladder, a few steps away from safety. The cabin cruiser was swept over the 11-ft. dam when it missed a lock in the course of a night cruise. Time after time it was rammed against the wall of the dam, tons of water cascading from the river above on to the passengers who were clinging to the deck**



**NEARLY A TRAGEDY ON THE POTOMAC RIVER: Walter C. Wakeman being hauled through the flood-waters by a rope after being marooned on the rocks in the centre of the stream in the course of a fishing expedition with two friends. It was while they were fishing that a sudden spate caused the Potomac to rise 8 ft. One of the marooned men is seen in the background waiting his turn**

**A MOTOR-CAR AND A PASSENGER-BOAT IN A STRANGE COLLISION: It happened on the Nybrokajen Quay, in Stockholm, when the car, its brakes not properly secured, ran downhill and hit the side of the vessel made fast to the quay. Very little damage was done, but a bed which was fastened to the roof of the car slid into the waters of the dock. The owner is seen (right foreground)**

**TWO CARS PLAY LEAPFROG:** The drivers of both these vehicles escaped injury on U.S. Highway 40 when this pile-up occurred near Wentzville, Missouri. The top car was trying to pass the bottom car when it was struck from the rear by a large truck

**JUST AFTER THE ACCIDENT, AND A FEW MONTHS LATER: Carrying nine people, this Buick was involved in an accident on a country road in Cape Province, and the left-hand picture shows how it appeared following three somersaults which smashed the roof and a great part of the framework. The car was then sold as scrap to a Cape Town garage owner, who, in the course of a few months, working in his spare time, has produced the saloon seen on the right. He repaired every part himself**

**LOSING A WHEEL ON INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY: Hal Cole was unhurt when his racer crashed into the wall during a preliminary heat. The rear off-wheel is seen hurtling away to the left, as if about to disappear over the wall**

**THE LARGEST LINER OF 1950 IS MADE READY FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: The 24,000-ton P. & O. and British India passenger liner *Chusan*, with lights blazing from every porthole as she neared completion in the fitting-out yards of Vickers-Armstrong at Barrow-in-Furness. Her maiden voyage will start on July 1, when she will make a first-class cruise to Madeira and Lisbon as a prelude to three Mediterranean cruises in mid-July and August. The *Chusan* is the largest passenger liner to be completed in the world in 1950. She set out from Gourock on her trials on June 12, when her stabiliser equipment was tried out with success**

**THE "RIO DE LA PLATA" STEAMS INTO NEW YORK HARBOUR ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: Dressed from stem to stern with flags and pennants, the new 10,500-ton vessel of the Argentine State Line, the first of three new Diesel-powered motor-ships, is seen entering port, where she received a great welcome from other shipping before making fast at the North River Pier.** The seventeen-day trip from Buenos Aires was completed at an average speed of 19 knots, calls being made at Montevideo, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, and Trinidad. The public rooms in the *Rio de la Plata* include grand salon, library and smoking-room, and there is a Lido deck with a large green and grey-tiled swimming-pool and outdoor bar. The *Rio de la Plata* will soon be followed into the U.S.-Argentine service by the *Rio Jachal* and the *Rio Tunuyan*

# "CHUSAN," THE LARGEST LINER OF 1950

## THE NEW PASSENGER VESSEL ALMOST READY FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE

The first passenger liner to bear the name *Chusan*, a vessel of 699 tons, was built in 1852 and, with engines assisted by sail, she opened the first regular mail service to Australia.

The modern *Chusan*, which was launched last summer from the yards of Vickers-Armstrong at Barrow-in-Furness and will sail on her maiden voyage on July 1, is a vessel of 24,000 tons, with accommodation for 474 first-class passengers and 1,000 passengers in all.

This twin-screw turbine vessel, which will enter the Far Eastern service of the P. & O. Company, is both graceful and dignified. Her slightly curved raked stem and cruiser stern, coupled with the long forecastle merging into the main structure, give the hull a smooth, streamlined appearance. The *Chusan* has a library, swimming-pool, cinema, shop and children's playrooms. An outstanding feature is the stabiliser gear fitted to reduce roll in heavy weather. This gear, known as the Denny Brown Ship Stabiliser, is a marked advance on the gyroscopic gear which the Italian shipbuilders employed with some success in their luxury liner, the *Conte de Savoia*, in the years before the war.

The system of stabilising a ship in heavy seas by means of large fins projecting from the hull has proved most effective in practice, and over a hundred installations are at present in service, with most satisfactory results. Up to date, the largest ship fitted with Denny Brown equipment has a displacement of 3,600 tons; and the installation in a 24,000-ton vessel represents a courageous venture by the designers of the gear and by the P. & O. Company to ensure increased comfort for travellers in large liners. It is hoped that with the aid of *Chusan's* fins a 14-degree roll may be reduced to one of 4 degrees.

**SHIPS IN THE BALTIC TIMBER TRADE WHICH HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO PAY THEIR WAY: The *Larchland* and the *Beechland*, of the Currie Line Ltd., laid-up at Leith.** At the recent annual general meeting of the Company the chairman, Mr. Charles Norton, referred by name to these two ships in a criticism of Government policy. Handy vessels of this type, suitable for the Baltic timber trade, he said, proved invaluable during the recent war. The Government, however, do not at the moment provide the opportunity for reasonably profitable employment of such vessels, and they will not permit sale to a foreign flag unless the ships are over twenty years old

**THE "ST. NINIAN" LEAVES ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: The North of Scotland Company's newest and most luxurious ship, which will operate on the service from Leith to Orkneys and Shetlands, setting out on her maiden voyage.** On the main staircase of the vessel is a glass picture of St. Ninian, who is depicted drawing a circle round an animal with his staff—a reminder of the old legend regarding St. Ninian's ability to thwart the designs of cattle-thieves. A close examination of the *St. Ninian's* superstructure shows bridge extensions added to give a clear view aft

*New Lamps and Old*

# BARONETS IN THE DESCENDENT

## The Strange History of a Slowly Diminishing Order

By JOHN GORE

**OUR DEBT TO BARONETS.**—The Baronetcy is a dying institution. There are still plenty of baronets about; the institution will be an unconscionable time a-dying, but dying it is at last, since recruitment to-day is practically confined to London's Lord Mayors. As I have said more than once, I have for many years considered the continued creation of baronets a mistake. For this reason: that in an age of stricter democracy it perpetuated the hereditary principle and class distinctions, without even the thin excuse that may justify the continued creation of baronies, the necessity to recruit and "balance" the Second Chamber until at last it is sensibly reformed. But my dislike of baronetcies is not based on that ground alone. For a century and more the baronet has been used by the writers of thrillers, melodramas and romances for the entertainment value which the "Bloody Hand" could afford, and it suited the books of these authors to present their baronets as bad and to paint their "bloody hands" crimson. Obviously a good baronet might invite a yawn instead of a tingle. A baronet, to be assured of entertainment value, must break the Commandments. So it is that from childhood I was brought up to regard baronets as bad morally and (if *not* morally bad) as always and invariably artistically bad. And certainly it was a silly sort of hereditary title, neither fish nor flesh nor fowl; like a viscountcy. Let us examine its history in fact and fiction.

So far as we know, it was initiated as a form of tax by James I. He wanted money, as Governments are apt to do, and this was the jam that hid the powder. The jam was the offer of a "new Dignitie between Barons and Knights," and the *quid pro quo* was primarily spent on supporting an army in Northern Ireland. A few years later, James created the Nova Scotia baronetcy (in 1624) for the development of that Colony. He had found the jam very popular and dividends satisfactory, and his successors kept the business going briskly. I believe that, until the reign of George IV, the eldest sons of baronets could claim knighthood as of right in their fathers' lifetime; and as late as 1874 this claim succeeded in one instance at least.

**The Baronet in Fiction.**—The Fountain of Honour up to recent times had spouted baronetcies so freely that the reservoir will take years and years before it falls to bed-level. But the process has begun definitely at last (after futile efforts made in the past to check the flow), and the roll will never reach new high-level records. And baronets are casual, feckless people. They have a habit of getting lost for decades and then of turning up in a butcher's shop at Woollawoollonga (or perhaps in a cobbler's shop in Cheshire). Their re-emergence is always a newspaper romance. Arthur Orton and Sir R. Peel, for very different reasons, helped a good deal to denigrate the Baronetage. Their wickedness is, or was, the preserve of other public entertainers, the novelists and the melodramatists. I am not very sure when the badness or silliness of baronets was first recognised as high entertainment value; not, I think, before the Gothic revival, if so early. One date in the history of the Baronetcy is significant. Up to 1783 it was uneventful, the roll increased, and the holders, in their hermaphrodite state between the peerage and the common people, were not made conspicuous. But already long since wicked men had been laying the seeds of the Order's flowering in melodrama and farce. The wrongful assumption of baronetcies had become a nuisance, even a scandal, and in that year a Royal Warrant was issued requiring that all baronets must prove their right to the dignity before they could receive official documentary recognition. Nothing came of it. The "real" baronets protested, the proofs were rescinded, and the evil continued.

But a blot on the scutcheon remained. Baronets became generally suspect and the entertainment industry cashed in on them. Miss Austen was content to make her best baronet merely ridiculous: "Sir Walter Elliot of Kellynch-hall, Bart., never for his own amusement [and Miss Austen's and ours] read any book but the Baronetage."

Thackeray went rather further. From Sir Walpole to Sir Pitt, the Crawley baronets were thoroughly disreputable. Mrs. Henry Wood treated them still more roughly and loaded them with vice and crime. Sir Francis Levison, Bart., is a good example. Miss Braddon was fond of baronets, if in her most famous character she incriminated a baronet's lady, Lady Audley. Wilkie Collins gave us Sir Percival Glyde, Bart., a shocking fellow. As the *Woman in White* said to Walter Hartright at her very first interview with him: "I hope there is one man of the rank of Baronet whom you do *not* know."

The Victorian melodramatists came to regard a baronet villain as an essential property and unit in the plot, as essential as a snowstorm and a ruined girl and a lost inheritance. But the women novelists of the '90's and the Edwardian Era did their best to redeem the fame of the Baronetcy. Miss Cholmondeley gave us that splendid paladin, Sir Charles Danvers, complete with gold-bottled dressing-case, transcendant dignity and studied wit; and the feuilletonists almost always rewarded their romantic little typists with marriage to a baronet in the final chapter.

**A Diminishing Order.**—Indeed, the worst was over for the Baronetage before Victoria's first Jubilee. By that time (thanks to the activities in the City of Middle-European, foreign and other company-promoters, sometimes flaunting queer foreign titles), "bogus barons" had taken the place of baronets in the world of entertainment, and baronetcies (still freely bestowed) were becoming the easy goal of popular doctors and other successful professional men. Trollope, it is true, gave us a couple of disreputable baronets, Roger and Louis Scatsherd, father and son, but on the whole treated the dignity with restraint. In any case, he was more at his ease with the peerage. George Meredith made *his* chief baronet notorious for egoism.

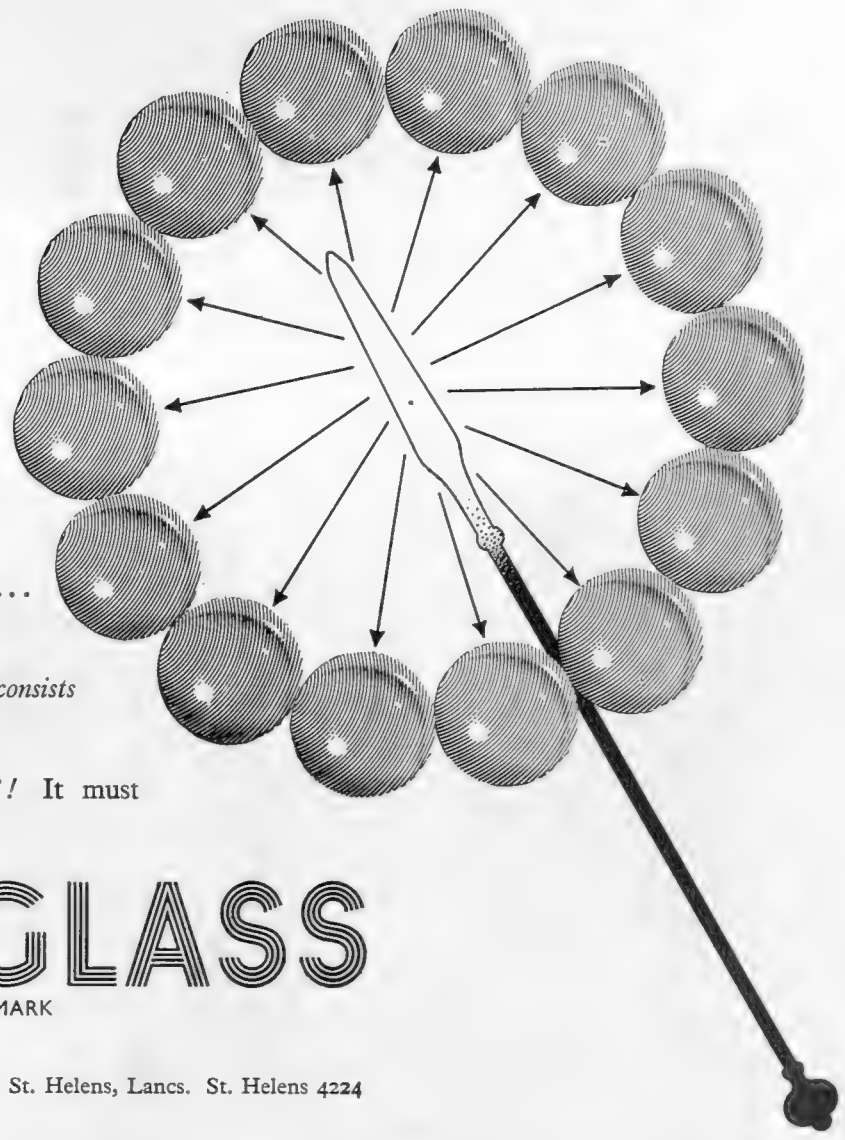
I have already touched on the reasons why I personally regard the dignity of baronet much as Frank Richardson regarded the appendage of whiskers. I need only adduce one more reason for general suspicion of the class, among whom so many worthy men do honour to their honours. There was a time in the early part of the present century when ambitious men (not always reputable) could too easily attain that dignity by *putting their bloody hands in their pockets*. But it is fair to say that baronies also could in those days be secured by digging a little deeper into capacious pockets. Nowadays these underhand methods of acquiring hereditary titles no longer exist, and all is above board and highly respectable, and very, very dull. Still, for the reasons adduced, I am glad that baronets are going to grow small by degrees and beautifully less. The bloody hand is rife enough without them.

By an odd coincidence I turned up in a box of old letters the other day a letter of my grandfather's written to Mr. Gladstone in 1885. It took the form of a rather indignant (though polite) refusal to have his name put forward for a baronetcy on his retirement from the Woods and Forests. It seems that the offer had been made by way of compensation for some injustice which he suffered in connection with that office, which he held for forty-six years. It is possible therefore that I should add an inherited complex to the list of my antipathies to the Baronetcy.

**BUILDING A HOUSE IN TRADITIONAL COTSWOLD STYLE: A stone cottage under construction at Westfield Farm, near Bourton-on-the-Water. It is being faced with the traditional dry-stone from derelict dry-stone walls in the neighbourhood, and will be roofed with stone tiles taken from a seventeenth-century barn. In nearly every town and village in the Cotswolds attention is paid these days to preserving the traditional old-world atmosphere. It is found that buildings in dry-stone do not cost more than brick dwellings**

**THE STONE-WALLERS OF ULLSWATER: Members of the Ullswater Young Farmers' Club enjoying an instructional evening learning dry-stone walling. They are at work on Hartsop Hill, at the foot of Kirkstone Pass**

Both in the Cotswolds and the Lake District the use of dry stone is traditional, and it is good to know that the art of using these materials is not being allowed to languish. Cheltenham R.D.C. has been distinctly enterprising in maintaining tradition, and in many other parts of the Cotswolds stone houses have been built since the war at no greater cost than if brick had been employed; this in spite of the fact that the Ministry allows for a larger expenditure if local stone is used.



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*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# BRADMAN BY HIMSELF AND OTHERS

*Keith Miller and R. S. Whittington Let Fly in Various Directions About Cricket and Cricketers*

OF the two cricket books appearing so opportunely with the season, there is one that must be of pre-eminent interest, and that, of course, is Sir Don Bradman's autobiography, sadly titled FAREWELL TO CRICKET (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.). There is almost nothing left to say about Bradman's style that hasn't been said already by such writers as Mr. Neville Cardus, who has written of a Bradman innings "of terrible power and splendour"—and rightly, but one can still endorse that kind of informed judgment, and still recommend a book on his craft written by the greatest living batsman.

It follows that nearly a half of CRICKET CARAVAN (Latimer House. 10s. 6d.) should be about Bradman, for the authors are Keith Miller and R. S. Whitington. both young Australians of a post-war vintage for whom it would be quite natural to write a chapter called "The World's Greatest Batsman—and Why." Being young, Australian, and one of them being Keith Miller, they are naturally also irreverent. It may surprise people in this country to know that Sir Donald is not the universally acclaimed idol in his own country that he is popularly supposed to be. Australians like a chap to be a good mixer, which, apparently, Bradman isn't. He seems to have other traits, not exactly endearing to the open-handed Aussie. "In 1930 Bradman received a gift of £1,000 from the soap magnate, Whitelaw, for having scored 309 in a day at Leeds. He spent the evening playing gramophone records by himself in his room." I do not think that his colleagues could be accused of being unduly eccentric if they thought that at least he might have bought a round of drinks. The irreverence also extends to certain English types, notably Douglas Jardine and Walter Hammond. Why on earth a Harlequin cap should stick so persistently in the Australian craw is more than any peaceful Englishman has ever been able to understand. Hammond, on the other hand, comes in for sympathetic treatment over that disastrous 1946-47 tour, though there is reference to a Jaguar which is not meant to be friendly. It seems that Bradman was determined to win the rubber by any means open to him, and a certain umpire's decision, proving to be disastrous to the general morale, created a situation which was not assisted by Sir Donald's demeanour on that occasion. This book is like a breath of fresh air blowing through the fœtid atmosphere of Test cricket, and is as vigorous, brash and exhilarating as Keith Miller's bowling and batting.

First of all, among the novels a book that I recommend to you, not for its profundity or its "message" or its stark power, but simply because it is that satisfactory thing, a good novel. It may not be memorable but it is enjoyable, and I found its author's light sure touch as welcome as June weather. A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) has something of the Victorian about its title, but in everything else is a novel of our own days. It concerns a clever and attractive young woman, the head of a ministerial department, who falls in love with an eligible man and decides to accept his proposal of marriage. After a time they unhappily agree to part, and there is no wedding. Both of them must pick up their separate lives again, and she must fight self-pity as well as genuine sorrow. That is all, and it is beautifully sufficient, because of Miss Betty Askwith's art, her sense of form and her uncluttered vision.

Miss Phyllis Bottome's novels usually have both plot and purpose, and her new one, UNDER THE SKIN (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.), is no exception to her individual rule, for here she tells not only a complex love-story, but the tale of racial differences as expressed in a West Indian School for girls of mixed races. Lucy is the young headmistress sent out from England to take charge, and expressing such English characteristics as courage, a sense of duty and a natural authority; Elvira is the woman who has been the acting head of the school, and in her the fiercely resented drop of coloured blood accounts for her devious manner and her passion, which is generally held in close check. Add a handsome and able coloured doctor, his Chinese mistress and a flock of impressionable girls, and the sub-tropical setting of an island that is groping slowly towards democracy, and you have a very likely setting for drama and even melodrama. Miss Bottome, having devised it all, makes the most of it.

**SUMMERTIME ASSIGNMENT: Mrs. Margaret Camrose Singer, from Greeley, Colorado, the wife of an American business-man and the daughter of Alderman George Williams, newly-installed Lord Mayor of Cardiff, on the sunlit lawn of her father's house in Cardiff. For the next few months she is acting as Lady Mayoress. When she leaves for Greeley in August Mrs. Singer will hand over to her sister**

**LEWIS CARROLL'S BOYHOOD HOME MAY BECOME FLATS: The large rectory, at Croft, Yorkshire, in which Lewis Carroll spent his boyhood, is now closed and empty, and the Rev. G. E. Charlesworth is living in a terrace house in the village. It is thought that the house will be converted into three flats**

Miss Audrey Erskine Lindop chooses a tough problem, too, and an even less usual one. When a man is convicted of murder and condemned to death, what happens to his family? What alterations are there in their material circumstances, do they change their name, can they survive the publicity, and to what extent are they spiritually and morally affected? THE TALL HEADLINES (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) gives some of the answers within the scope of a fast-moving and extremely human story in which each character is believable, and none larger or more simplified than might be in life.

THE WILD COUNTRY (Cassell. 9s. 6d.) has little of the commonplace about it, and in my opinion is none the better for that. Mr. Louis Bromfield tells the story of a sensitive and preternaturally observant boy growing up on a big estate in the rich Mississippi basin about forty years ago. The figures dominating the boy's life are his grandfather, an austere and cultured aristocrat; an admired boyhood friend ten years his senior; and this man's new wife, a reformed prostitute of golden nature. There is also a gentleman whom it is hard to resist calling a rich city slicker, so closely do his moral and physical traits fit that admirable old label. With all these personages Mr. Bromfield juggles with great competence, and does not disappoint the reader who was expecting to find that the slicker had known the unfortunate woman in her earlier life. In fact, he doesn't disappoint anyone except the reader who was looking for a stimulating novel instead of a rather vapid novelette.

The scene of Ellen Marsh's DULL THE SHARP EDGE (Dobson. 9s. 6d.) is a different kind of America, and the characters a group of people who live more in their intellects than in their emotions. The author's theme deals with the dangers and the appeal of strongly-felt nationalism, and on this basis she has written a novel of dignity and conviction.

"It's situations I like, it's scenes; I like to see people pushing each other around," says an American soldier in Mr. Robert Wernick's novel, THE FREEBOOTERS (Cresset Press. 9s. 6d.), and situations and scenes of that kind he certainly gets. This is a half-hilarious, half-savage story about three friends in the U.S. Army who survive the fighting to find themselves in what is termed a "cleaning-up unit," in which they explore that background of war that is made up of black market, rape, brawls, drunkenness and general anarchy. The author keeps one intentionally in a state of wild confusion that is in itself anarchical, but there is a meaning to his book nevertheless.

IN THE BLAZING LIGHT (Rich and Cowan. 12s. 6d.) is the second, and not the better, of the novel biographies of Goya that I have read, but the painter and his life are such rewarding subjects for an author that it would be hard indeed to write a dull book around them. Mr. Max White relies perhaps too heavily on dialogue to illuminate the natures and foibles of his personages.

In an oddly uneven and erratic style, Mr. Harold Elvin has written THE STORY AT CANONS (Peter Garnett. 9s. 6d.), which has for background the country house built by a Duke of Chandos, and called by Daniel Defoe "a most Magnificent Palace, I might say, the most Magnificent in England." It was this Duke whose extraordinary career included marriage with an ostler's widow, and a helter-skelter of fortunes and misfortunes. Mr. Elvin says that his novel is based on fact, and so it evidently is, but I would have preferred to find more coherence to it, and a less breathless manner of narration.

# BY TROSTREY POOL

Dorothea Eastwood's *Riverside Diary*
Calls to Mind the Genius of Thoreau

When Thoreau hied himself to the woods of Concord, Massachusetts, retiring to a hut of his own construction on the pine slope over against the shores of Walden Pond, he lived the life of a recluse. His hut he built, furnished and kept in order entirely by the labour of his own hands; there he read considerably, wrote abundantly, thought actively, if not widely, and came to know beasts, birds and fishes with exquisite familiarity. Thoreau's fame as a naturalist and writer rests on his masterpiece *Walden or Life in the Woods*, which will no doubt always take a high place in escapist literature, and his only weakness as a writer perhaps, was his too frequent striving after antitheses, and paradox. In RIVER DIARY (Wingate. 12s. 6d.), Dorothea Eastwood, without being a recluse, but with a deeply implanted love of nature and of her fellow-beings, with a direct and charming style, has captured not a little of the magic of Walden and something highly individual besides. Her story centres round the Trostrey Pool, and the beautiful country of the Usk Valley, lying to the east of Blorenge Mountain and Garn-Clochdy, which shroud the rest of Monmouthshire from the smoke and grime of the industrial valleys. Poet, painter and botanist, and, not least, the sympathetic wife of a fisherman, Dorothea Eastwood tells the story of days spent by the river, of domestic life in the little hut by Trostrey Pool, of the unfolding of the seasons, of the sights and sounds of a well-loved country. *River Diary* is the work of one who has learnt to look on nature, deriving from it a deep spiritual comfort and serenity; but, unlike Thoreau, there is no urge to renounce the world of men, merely to let it take its place in a happier perspective. As the family packs up for the return to London, after idyllic months by the river, Dorothea Eastwood writes: "Never again would I fear Time so much: for I saw that what the heart loves, it keeps." It was on much the same note of contemplation that the sage of Concord concluded his story.

Eugene Delacroix, who led the Romanticists in their revolt against the classical aridities of the David school, was born when Fragonard was still alive, and when he died Monet, Cezanne, Renoir and Sisley were at work in Paris. Through all the cross-currents and many forms of painting prevalent in the nineteenth century, Delacroix steered an independent course. He never wholly succumbed to any particular school. The wideness of his range is well shown in Jacques Lassaigne's EUGENE DELACROIX (Longmans Green. 10s. 6d.), a new addition to the "Masters of Painting" Series, which has already included works on Gainsborough and Vermeer. The colour reproductions are superb, and it is fitting that they should be, for it is on Delacroix's work as a colorist that his fame most surely rests. Another volume for the art lover from the same publishing house, this time in the "Form and Colour" Series, is SANDRO BOTTICELLI: THE NATIVITY (Longmans Green. 12s. 6d.), an examination, detail by detail, of the first of Botticelli's pictures to come to England.

Bravery, that quality for which the British people have such a warm corner in their hearts, is hard to assess, for it takes many forms, from the dashing gallantry of a Marshal Ney, whom friends and foes alike called the bravest of the brave, to the dogged courage of some private of the line whose spectacular deeds are achieved not only in the face of the enemy, but of a well-nigh overmastering fear. Zarak Khan, a gigantic, bearded, arrogant warrior from the Indian-Afghan frontier, who lusted for life, liberty and loot, and, above all, loathed the Japanese, was a hero of quite another kind, but this phenomenon of the jungle-fighting in Burma is in his own way quite unforgettable. A. J. Bevan, in THE STORY OF ZARAK KHAN (Jarrolds. 15s.), tells of this man who, when captured by the Japanese, commanded them in imperious tones to flay him alive. He chose to die in that way to save a British patrol, "a group of men who came of a race which had been his enemies for years." Surely such cold, calculating courage has few counterparts?

A volume of specialised interest for the horseman, and the show jumping enthusiast in particular, is Pamela Macgregor-Morris's GREAT SHOW JUMPERS, PAST, PRESENT AND TO COME (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 30s.). The carefully-chosen illustrations are not the least instructive feature of a well-compiled work of reference. No less specialised in its appeal is C. Douglas Milner's ROCK FOR CLIMBING (Chapman and Hall. 25s.), and here again excellent photography is the keynote of technical exposition. Lakeland crags, Snowdonia, Skye, the Swiss Alps and The Dolomites each have special chapters.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY (Dennis Dobson. 8s. 6d.) is an anthology devoted in the main to five writers—James Laughlin, Robert Lowell, Norman Macleod, Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams. The imagery is superb, but to English ears, attuned to the rhythm of language, these poets offer much harsh angularity of style that would seem to have more in common with prose than with poetry.

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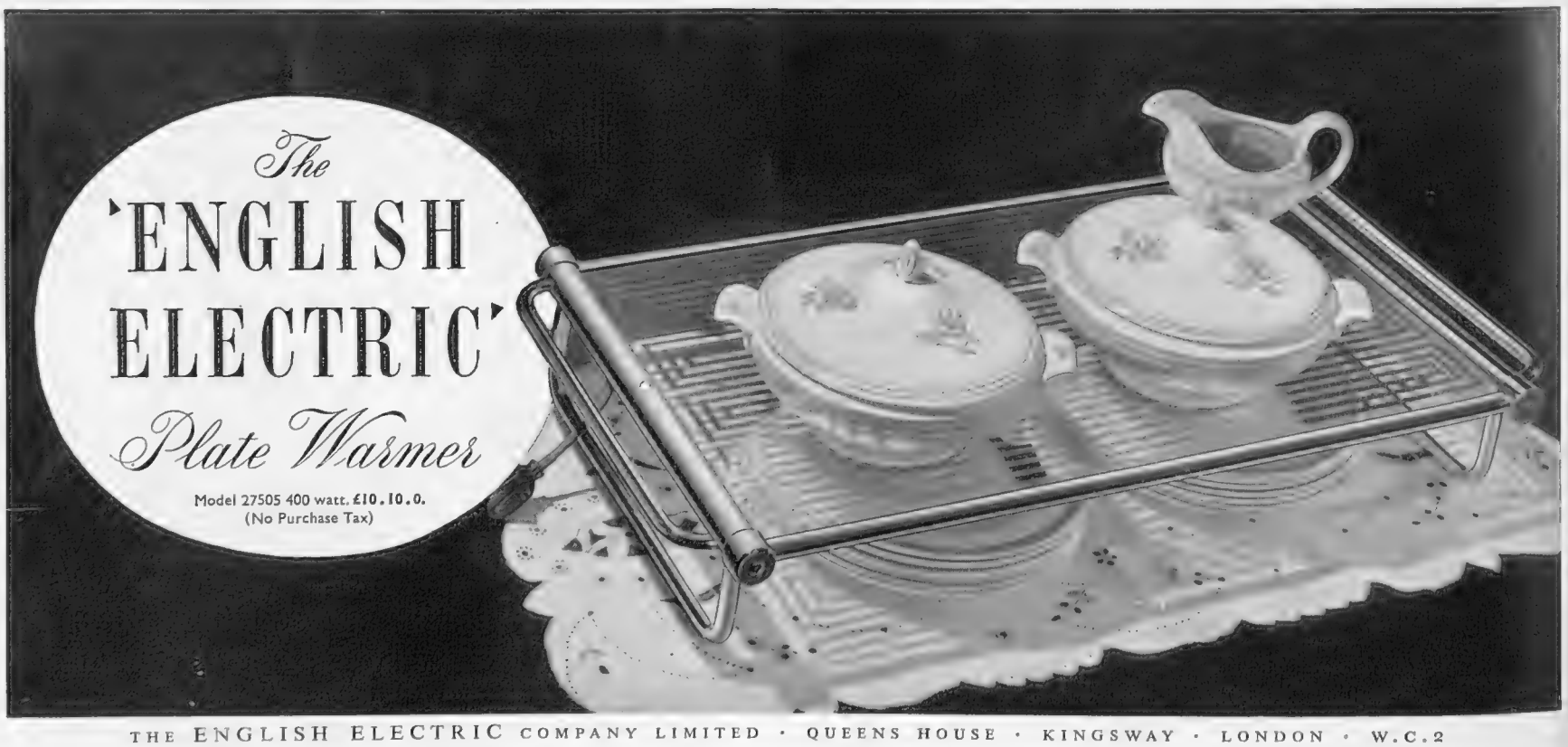


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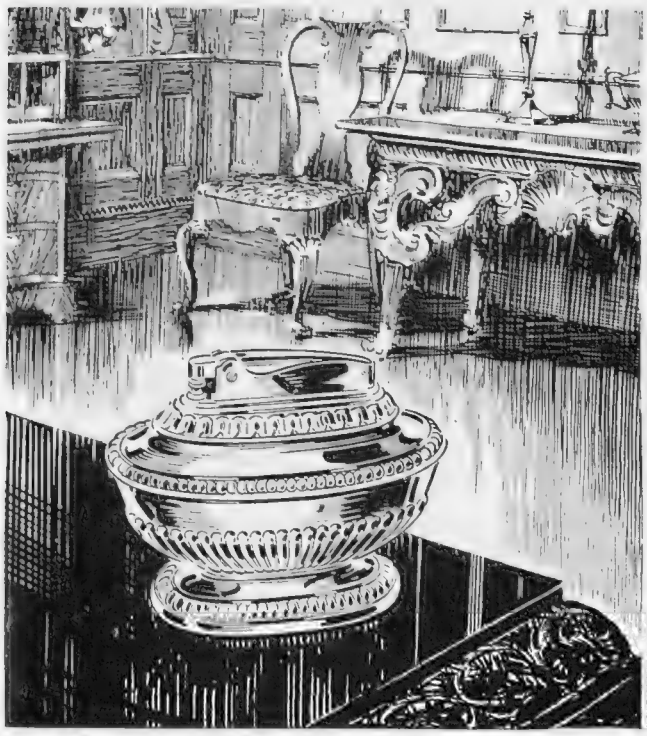

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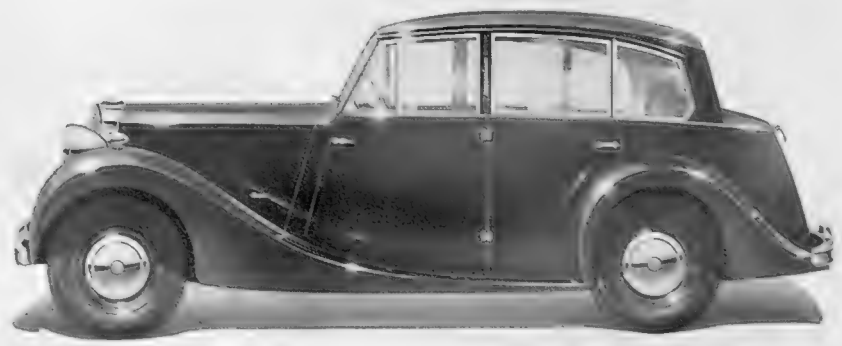

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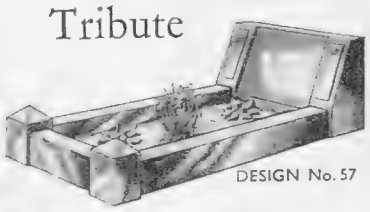


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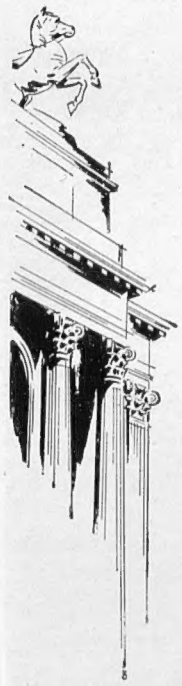

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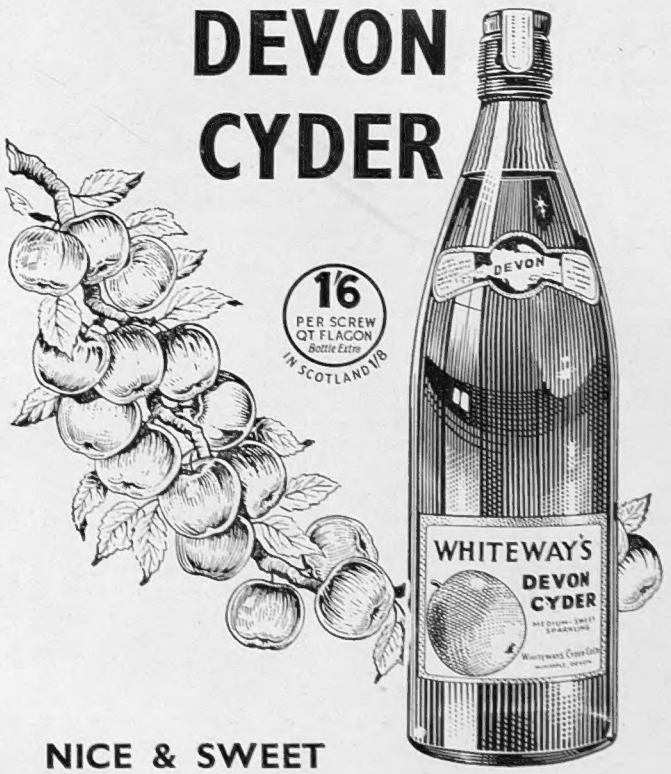


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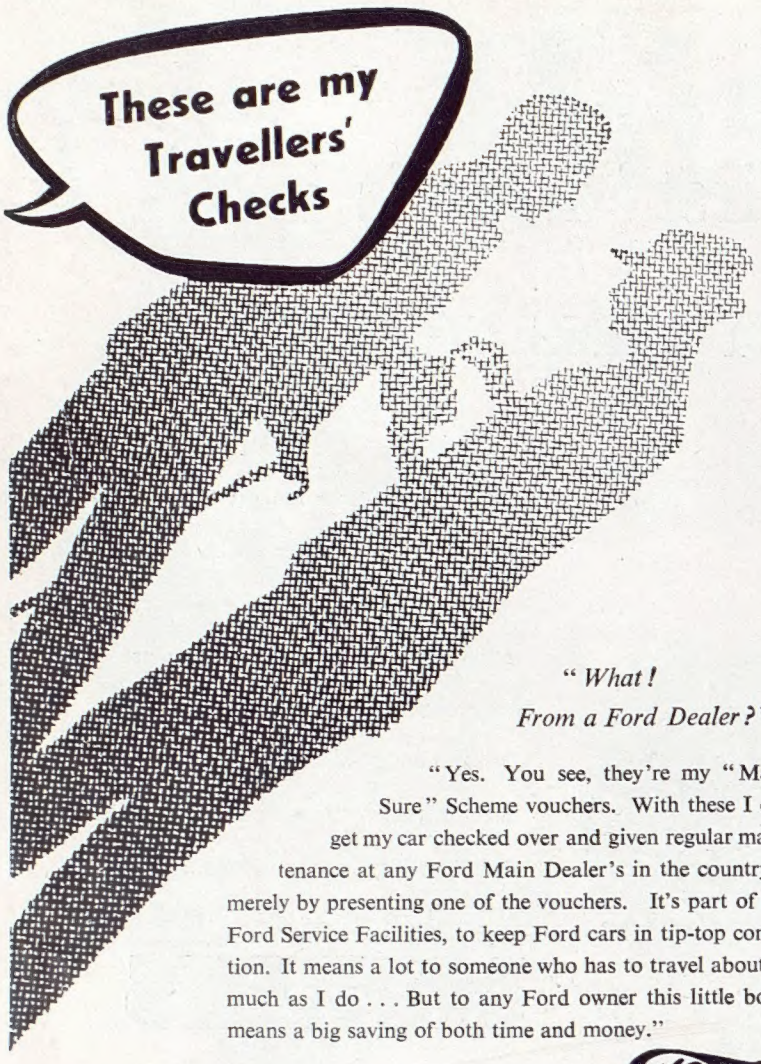


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